Mickey Mouse Magazine

10¢
JULY
1939
VOL 4. No.10

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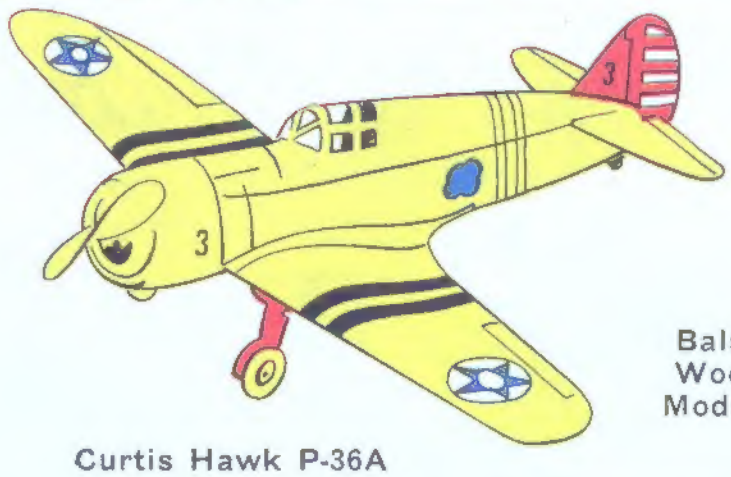

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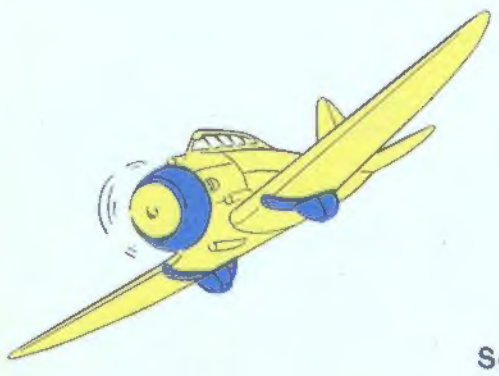

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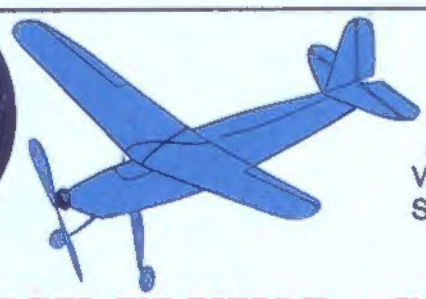

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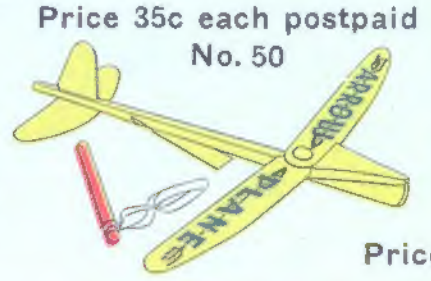

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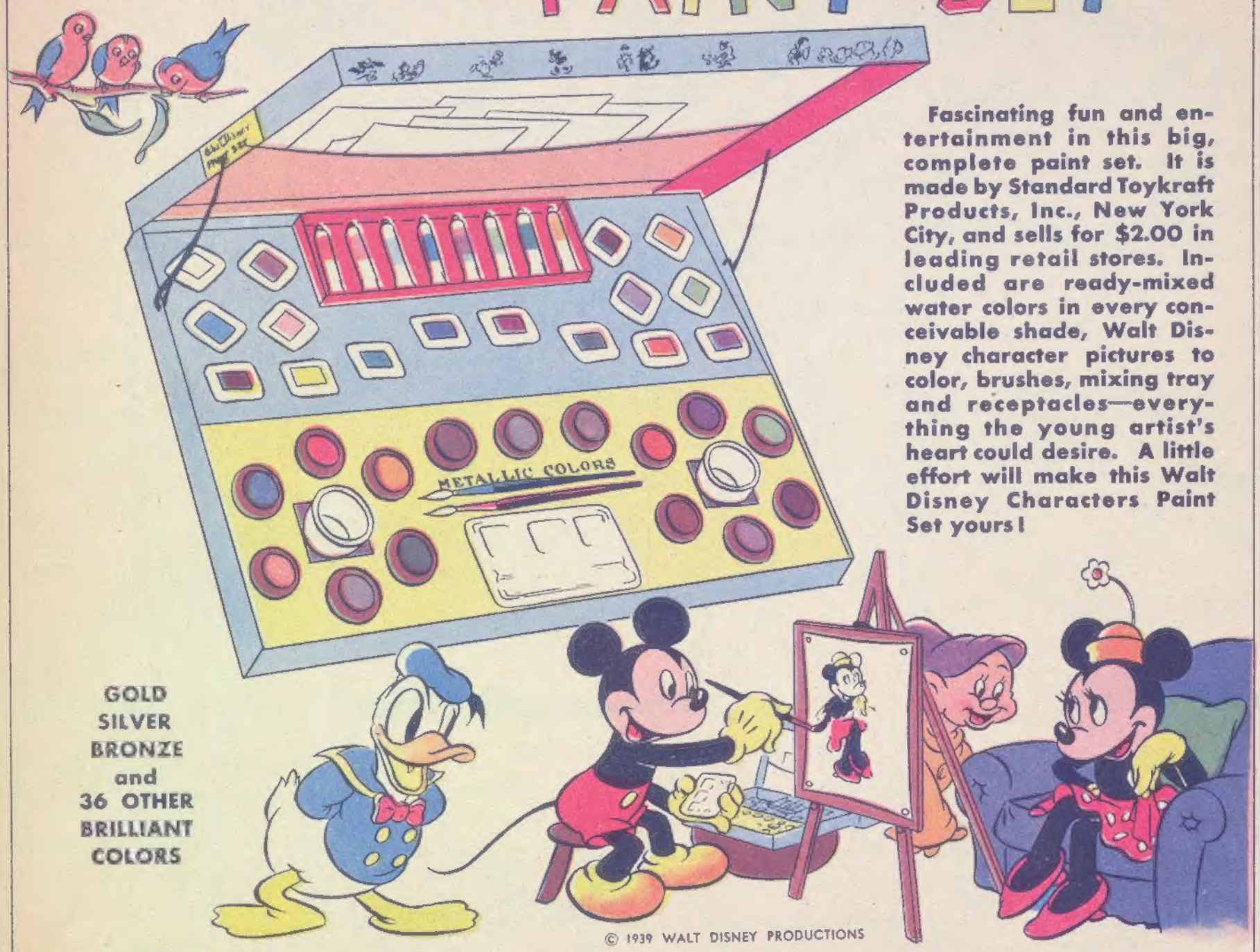

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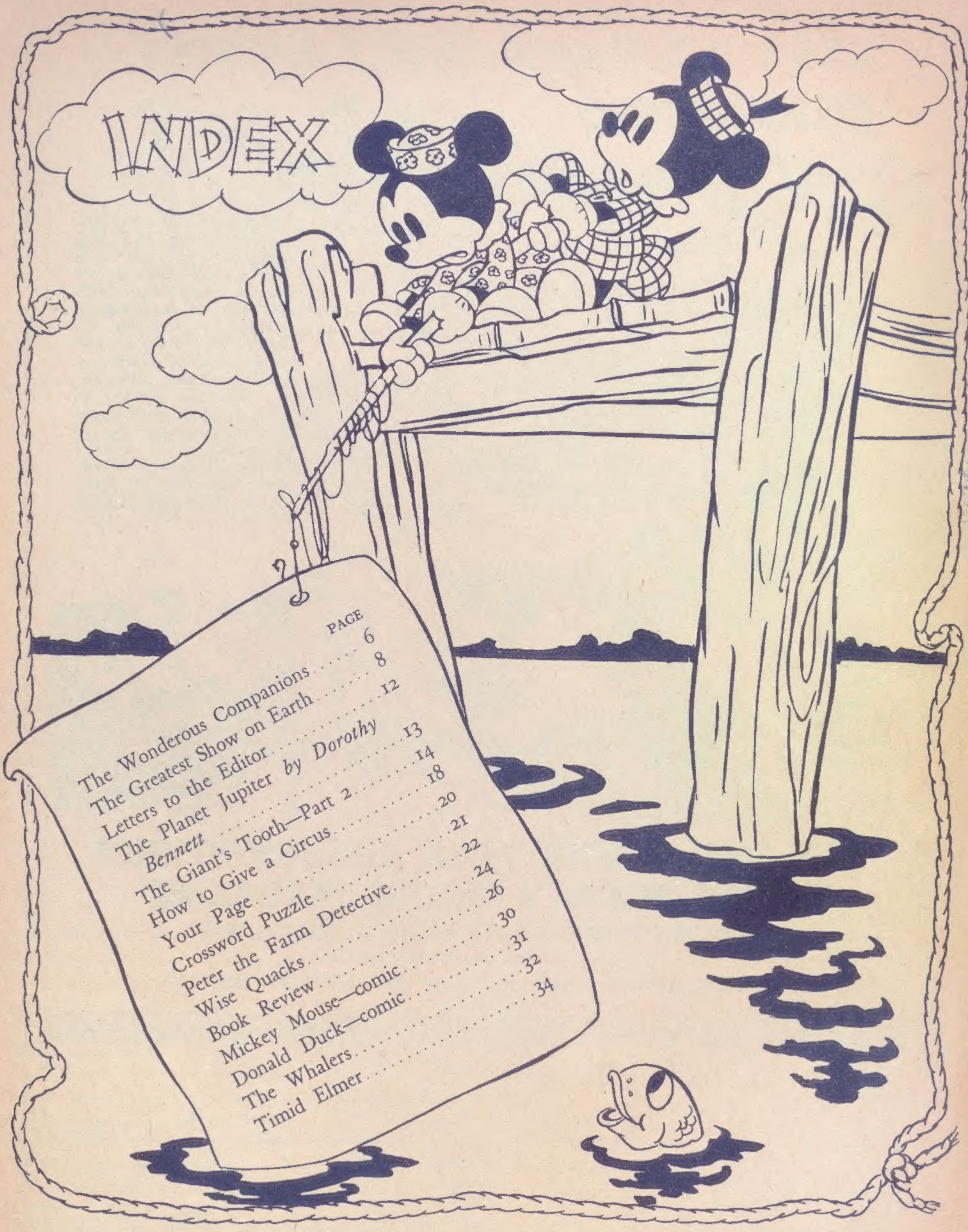

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Published monthly by arrangement with Walt Disney Productions

Subscription price in the U. S. A. and Canada, $1 per year; other countries, $2 per year; 10 cents per copy. Re-entered as second class matter October 11, 1935 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Nothing that appears in the "Mickey Mouse Magazine" may be reprinted or reproduced either wholly or in part, without permission. K. K. Publications, Inc., assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Owners submitting manuscripts assume all risk for their loss or damage. Printed in the U. S. A. Entire contents Copyright, 1939, in the United States and Canada by

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Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us—

SOMEDAY when Donald Duck goes away on a long vacation we'll tell you more about that wonderful circus he rigged up with Mickey Mouse and the rest of the gang. It isn't exactly safe for the editorial staff to give away too many secrets while Donald is strutting around the lot—but wait, we promise that at the very first opportunity we'll spill the beans and will you laugh—ohboyohboyohboy! Meantime you can turn to *Let's Give a Circus* and read what Donald himself censored for this issue.

IF THERE weren't so many other things for an editor to do every month Mickey would sit down and answer every one of the questions you ask—and yes, send you pictures of Minnie and Donald and Pluto to boot—but there are just too many things for one boy-editor to do all at once. Just put yourself in his place and you'll understand.

Mickey loves to receive your letters—which you all know by this time because he has said so often enough. But sometimes it is a little hard for him to do everything you ask. For instance Mickey never, never gives the address of any of his pals to anyone else. And also, as we have explained before, it is never possible for your letter to appear in the magazine the same month you write your letter, or even the following month, because there is a lot of work connected with printing hundreds and thousands of magazines so it must be done well in advance of the time you receive it. And the same thing for the covers. If you will just be patient and keep your eyes open sooner or later you'll see *your* Disneyville star in the place of honor and then you can feel proud—Mickey has put him there just for you and because you asked him to in your letter!

BECAUSE it is vacation time and because so many of Mickey's pals have asked for a play—we have one this month. It is called *Wonderous Companions.* We hope you will all have a great time working it out and lots and lots of success on the opening night.

NEXT month we have a fishy story to tell you about Peter, the Farm Detective—or is the story really on Watson—well, we'll let you be the judge. But don't forget to be on the lookout for it—there's a laugh in store for you.

And—if you want real adventure be sure you get your copy of the August number because we're going to tell you a wonderful story—it's true—about Lawrence in Arabia. Many people have written books about this man of adventure and mystery.

THE WONDEROUS COMPANIONS

A Play in Two Scenes

Adapted from Grimm

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MICHAEL
JOHN
CRACK-SHOT
SPEEDY
BLOWY
FREEZY
KING
QUEEN
SAGE
COURTIERS

SCENES

Scene I—A forest—day
Scene II—A parapet of the castle—day

SCENE I

SCENE: *A Forest. As the curtains open, there is the sound of trees crashing and of some one whistling gaily. On the right hand of the stage, a man is lying asleep, with his hat over one side of his face. Michael enters from one side, he has a knapsack over one shoulder. He stops.*

MICHAEL: Whew! He's hauling them up with his hands. I say, my strong friend, come here. (*The whistling and the sound of crashing trees stop. A man enters*) What do you call yourself?

JOHN: Mighty John.

MICHAEL: Oh! Tell me what are you planning to do with those trees you have plucked up by the roots.

JOHN: I'm going to use them as kindling.

MICHAEL: Kindling? Whole trees? (*Scratching his head*) Well, don't let me stop you. (*Pointing to a tree on the left side of the stage*) Pull up that one, will you. (*John crosses to the tree and is about to pull it up, when a voice stops him*)

VOICE: Hey, quit, don't pull it down until I hit this bird, then I'll come down. (*Michael and John look up. There is a loud report of a gun and in a few moments another man appears*)

MICHAEL: And who might you be?

CRACK-SHOT: They call me Crack-shot.

JOHN: Do you have to climb trees to hit birds?

CRACK-SHOT: Not usually, but this one was sitting on a spinning windmill two miles away.

MICHAEL: Did you hit him?

CRACK-SHOT: O yes, it was an easy shot.

JOHN: I hate to doubt your word but there is no wind blowing, so could the windmill be spinning around?

CRACK-SHOT: I don't know but it was.

VOICE: Sure it was. (*Another man enters*)

MICHAEL: (*Jokingly*) I suppose you were blowing it?

BLOWY: That's right. My name is Blowy. All I do is put my finger by my nose, blow and there you are—spinning windmills.

MICHAEL: (*Scratching his head*) It's an age of wonders all right. Listen, I have a wonderful plan. Sit down and I'll tell it to you. (*They all sit down, as another man enters on crutches*)

MICHAEL: Who are you?

SPEEDY: Speedy Sam they call me. (*All laugh*)

BLOWY: On crutches?

SPEEDY: That's so I can rest, otherwise I go so fast I get all tired out.

CRACK-SHOT: Look, Speedy, two miles away in that general direction (*Pointing*) is a blue and white windmill, and at the foot of it is a sparrow I just shot, will you bring it to me?

SPEEDY: Sure. (*He drops his crutches and runs off. All laugh*)

MICHAEL: (*Laughing*) Speedy Sam on crutches. (*Speedy returns with a dead bird*)

SPEEDY: (*Holds it out to Crack-shot*) This it?

CRACK-SHOT: It is, by Jove! (*The man at the right hand side of the stage snores*)

MICHAEL: I say, let's see what marvels he can do. (*They all get up and cross over to the sleeping figure to look at it*)

JOHN: Probably fallen asleep in the heat.

BLOWY: Let's put his hat on the other side of his head. (*Does so*)

CRACK-SHOT: Is it me or does it seem to be getting cold?

MICHAEL: I'm freezing. (*Every one pulls their coats up around their ears*)

CRACK-SHOT: (*Chattering*) I'm c-c-c-c-cold. (*The man on the grounds sits up, and hastily puts his hat in its former position*)

FREEZY: Don't ever do that, do you want me to freeze to death?

MICHAEL: Ah, it's warm again. Do what?

FREEZY: Change the position of my hat. You see, I am Freezy Frank, and as soon as I put my hat on the other side of my head, it gets freezing cold. Now that I've told you who I am, who are you?

MICHAEL: I'm Michael and this is Speedy, Crack-shot, Blowy, and Mighty John.

FREEZY: Whither bound?

ALL: Nowhere.

MICHAEL: Listen, I have an idea. I'm a soldier, I have brains and I'm brave. The king

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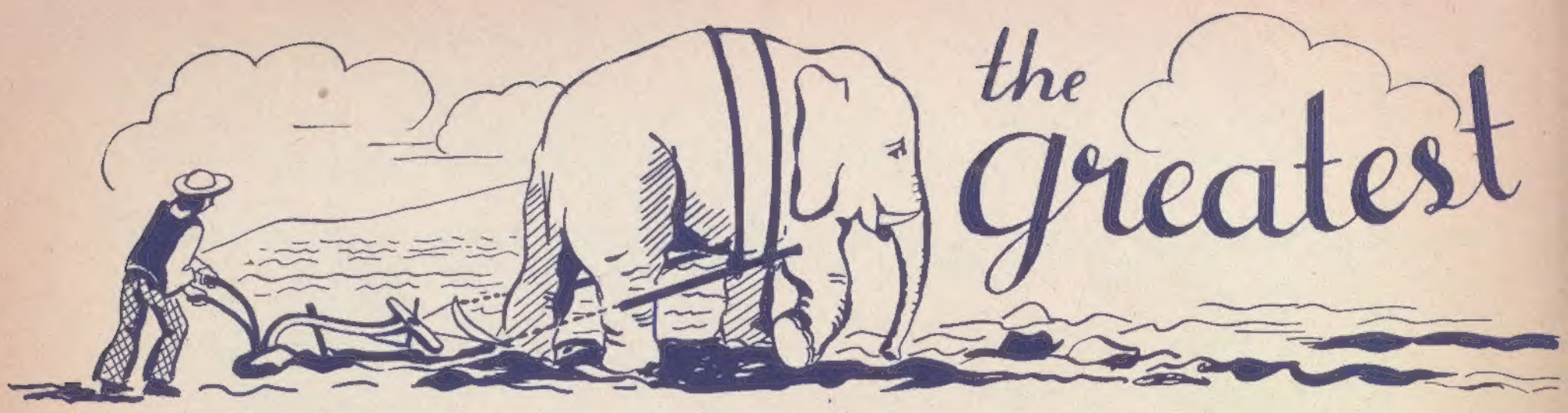

the greatest

PHINEAS isn't the sort of name most of us would ask for, but the trouble with names is that we generally get them without asking. Phineas Taylor Barnum, who preferred to sign himself P. T., got his name as the result of a practical joke that was played on him the day he was born.

"Call him Phineas after me," said his grandfather, "and I'll see that he's the richest boy in town. Know what I'll do? I'll make over Ivy Island to him right now."

Few poor parents could resist such an offer, and so the Barnum baby got his name.

His grandfather never failed to remind him that he owned an island. He told everyone in the Connecticut town where he lived.

"Phineas is a landowner. Phineas is rich."

The boy's head was so filled with this talk, that by the time he was twelve, he couldn't bear to wait any longer to see his property. He must go there. And go he did. But what a disappointment! The island was mostly under water. It was a bog with stunted ivies growing here and there.

Barnum must have been badly disappointed at the time, but as he grew older, he appreciated this joke. He always said that he inherited his love of joking from his grandfather.

In those days, over a hundred years ago, people travelling from Connecticut to New York often went by boat. Ordinarily the trip was not a long one, but sometimes the boats were becalmed and lay in the Sound for several days. Barnum's grandfather was a passenger on one of these slow trips. Moreover, he was the only passenger with a razor.

As the boat drew near New York, all the men begged for the razor, and at last they agreed to the owner's terms. Each one was to shave half his face, and then pass the razor on to the next man. When it had gone all the way around, it would come back to the first man again, and they

would each finish the job.

But the first man was Barnum's grandfather. He shaved the rest of his face, on the second round, and just as he was passing the razor on, it flew from his hand, apparently by accident, and went to the bottom of the Sound. So all the passengers had to land in New York with only half their faces shaved. And since it was a Sunday, no barber shops were open on that day.

This type of practical joke appealed as much to Barnum as to his grandfather. But unlike many jokers he was quite ready to laugh when the tables were turned and a joke was played on him. He always enjoyed telling people how he had been tricked.

BARNUM had very little schooling, and by the time he was twelve, he had to work for a living. He was a clerk in a store, a newspaper man, a salesman and a boardinghouse keeper before he finally became a showman.

An old negro slave was being exhibited by her owner because she was supposed to have been the nurse of George Washington when he was small. The owner said that she was one hundred and sixty-one years old, and she looked so worn and wrinkled that she might have been almost any age.

Barnum bought her, and with her, an old bill of sale supposed to be signed by a member of the Washington family. Then he travelled about, stopping at all the cities to let people see and talk with this remarkable woman. For in spite of her great age, she talked readily, and told many stories about little George.

Barnum exhibited her very successfully, but when at last she died, the doctors decided that she was probably only eighty years old, and that the public had been

Show on Earth

tricked. Then Barnum pretended that he, too, had been taken in.

SOMETIME after this a private museum in New York was offered for sale. Barnum had no money to buy it, but he worked out an agreement by which he could make the payments from time to time as the money came in. When he was asked whether he had any real estate to offer as a security, he remembered Ivy Island.

"Yes," said he, "I have a piece of property in Connecticut, presented to me by my grandfather, and it is free from mortgage."

"If it was a present from your grandfather, I shouldn't think you would want to lose it," replied the man.

"I'm not going to lose it," cried Barnum. "I'm going to make my payments on time."

And so the man accepted Ivy Island as security, without having seen it. However, Barnum did make all his payments on the museum, so neither of them lost.

In those days there weren't free zoos and museums like the ones we have now, so ever so many people came to see Barnum's collections. They contained everything: freaks, wax figures, animals, fish, and performers who gave shows in the museum theater.

Barnum was a great advertising man before the days of advertising. He tried all sorts of tricks to attract the crowds. Once he engaged a fine violinist to play in his theater.

The people were not interested. So Barnum ordered the posters outside the building to be pasted upside down. Of course that made everyone think that the violinist played while standing on his head, and they crowded in to see.

Sometimes people were angry when they found that a trick had been played on them, but most of the time they thought it was a good joke, and tried to get their friends to go and get caught, too.

Barnum, although he called himself the Prince of Humbugs, did not consider himself dishonest. Anyone who paid a quarter to get into the museum got his money's worth, he said, even though the show was somewhat different from that suggested in the advertising.

As Barnum's name became better known, outsiders were continually offering him things to exhibit. One day a man came in the office and talked to one of Barnum's assistants.

"I have a cherry-colored cat," he said. "And it isn't artificially colored. What will you give me for it?"

"If it is really what you say," the assistant replied, "we'll give you twenty-five dollars."

The man went home and brought back his cat. It was black!

"But there are plenty of black cherries," cried the owner.

The museum attendant was going to send him away. Then Barnum heard about it, and he thought it was such a good joke that he gave the man his money, and exhibited the cat as cherry-colored.

On another day the museum was so crowded, that they had to stop selling tickets until some of those inside decided to leave. That hurt Barnum's feelings very much, especially because the people seemed to be taking much

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hardly paid me for my services in the war, so I'm out seeking my fortune. You all have wonderous talents, suppose we band together, we could conquer the world.

ALL: Wonderful!
Good idea!
All right by me!

MICHAEL: (*Rising*) All right then, we're off.

FREEZY: Where to?

MICHAEL: To the king to get my just pay. They tell me that there is a contest going on with the princess' hand as the prize. One of you might win her.

JOHN: What would we do with a princess?

MICHAEL: Well, you never can tell, she might come in handy for something. (*The curtains close as the group follows Michael out*)

SCENE II

SCENE: *The parapet of the castle. On one side the marvelous companions are gathered and on the other side of the stage are the people of the court. As the curtains open, Michael and the king are talking together.*

MICHAEL: So you won't pay me my just wages? Very well then we will win your daughter.

KING: And if you lose, you know a head must pay the price.

MICHAEL: I've pledged my head before to your Majesty's service, I don't think it will be needed now.

KING: Where is the runner that you enter against my daughter?

MICHAEL: (*Pointing over the parapet*) There, sir.

KING: (*Laughing*) The one with crutches?

MICHAEL: Aye, sir, his name is Speedy Sam.

KING: He's going to race my daughter? My daughter is the fastest runner in all creation. Look at all the heads of the foolish people that have raced against her.

MICHAEL: Mine will not be among them.

KING: Hush, they are about to begin. They're off.

MICHAEL: With Speedy in the lead.

KING: (*Crossly*) But he won't be there for long. (*The king and Michael cross to their own groups*)

QUEEN: O dear, he's still in the lead and they are entering the forest so we cannot see what is happening.

KING: Don't worry, our daughter will win.

MICHAEL: Crack-shot, what can you see?

CRACK-SHOT: O, Speedy has already reached the well, and has filled his cup and is halfway back. He has just passed the princess running in the other direction.

FREEZY: He'll win this race all right.

CRACK-SHOT: Bother, Speedy's sat down to rest.

JOHN: Well, the princess hasn't reached the well yet, has she?

CRACK-SHOT: No, but Speedy has fallen asleep.

KING: Now don't worry, my dear, our daughter will win. (*Turns to the wiseman beside him*) Tell me, Famed Sage, what do you see?

SAGE: The princess is now a few steps behind the man. Now the princess is beside him. She has overturned his water. She is running swiftly, in a moment you will be able to see her.

CRACK-SHOT: Ach, she has passed him and upset his cup.

MICHAEL: Quick, wake him. Shoot near him, but don't hit him.

CRACK-SHOT: (*Aims and fires his gun*) Ah, he's awake now and is running for the well.

KING: She's out of the forest and has only a short mile to go!

QUEEN: And the man is nowhere in sight!

MICHAEL: Ah, here he comes!

JOHN: He's only a few feet behind her!

FREEZY: He's beside her!

BLOWY: He's ahead now!

CRACK-SHOT: He's almost in!

MICHAEL: He wins! (*They all dance around and around*)

KING: Quick, Sage, tell me some plan, I can't have my daughter marry that rascal.

SAGE: They tell me you have a huge furnace beneath this parapet. Lock them up here on some pretext, and then they will either burn up or they will jump off and be dashed to smithereens.

KING: Ay, that's a pretty plan. Sh. (*Michael steps forward*)

MICHAEL: Well, your Majesty, we have won your daughter.

KING: Yes, and you deserve a triumphal banquet. My own daughter shall serve you here on this parapet. (*Speedy Sam enters*) Well done, sir. Now rejoice, my friends, and feast well. (*He goes out and the court follows him*)

SPEEDY: He doesn't seem as bad as you made him out to be.

FREEZY: He seems quite nice in fact.

MICHAEL: There is a catch somewhere. (*He crosses to the door and tries to open it*) We're locked out. I knew something like this would happen.

SPEEDY: Gosh, my feet are hot from running.

BLOWY: Mine are too, but I didn't run.

CRACK-SHOT: So are mine.

MICHAEL: (*Leans down and touches the floor and then touches the walls*) Red hot! They're trying to burn us alive. (*There is a pause while everyone jumps up and down*) Freezy, this is your hour. Put your hat on the other side, and everyone lie down close to the floor and the walls to keep warm. (*They do so, as Freezy moves his hat*)

FREEZY: My, I'm glad there is some heat in this floor.

CRACK-SHOT: (*After a pause*) Not any longer. They have let the fires go out. Put your hat on the right way, before we freeze to death. (*Freezy does so. The king and the others enter*)

KING: But it's cold here.

MICHAEL: (*Jumping up*) Aye, so cold, we had to lie close to the floor to keep warm. (*The others jump up*)

FREEZY: T'was bitter chilly.

MICHAEL: And now, sire, where is the princess that we have won.

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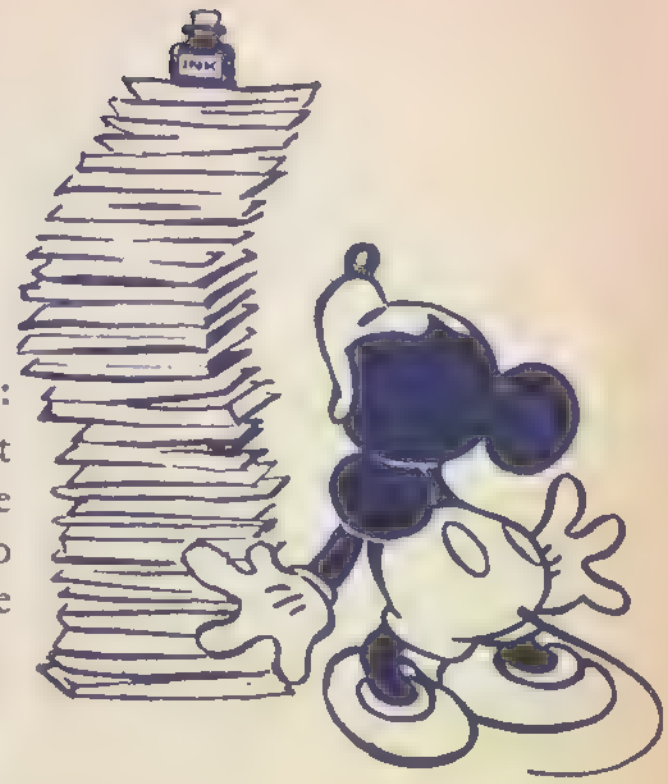
LETTERS to the EDITOR



Dear Mickey:

If there was a pal, you're one. I like your magazines very much. I read them over and over again. I think you are a very, very good editor. I just can't wait till I get the next book.

Norma Bronstein
Maplewood, N. J.
Age 8

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I received my first Mickey Mouse Magazine today. It was the Valentine number. I live in Brazil where we don't celebrate St. Valentine's Day but we do have *carnaval*. It is something like the *carnaval* in New Orleans but we have much more fun. Here a group of people dress alike and that is called a "bloco." We dressed as ice skaters this year. There were seven children in our bloco.

I sent for the Mickey Mouse Magazine for three of my friends and they love it.

Joanne MacDonald
Campinas, Sao Paulo
Brazil
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I bet you never saw cowhands brand cattle. I did when I was in Arizona. They first burnt the hide with an iron and then they ear-marked them by cutting off about one-quarter of an ear. Last of all they were vaccinated for smallpox. I won't mention any names, but do mice get vaccinated?

Sallie Joan Lockett
Chicago, Ill.
Age 12

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Mouse:

I like your magazine. My best story is where Mickey and the horse are going on the ship to catch the big whale. I am in the second grade. I am 7 years old.

Darrell Kellogg
Plainville, Kansas
Age 7

Dear Mickey:

I would like to tell you some good news. My twin brother and I had a birthday in February and I got some money. I said I am going to get something I've been wishing for and I gave Daddy enough money to get one year's subscription for your magazine. When he came home that night I asked him if he had sent my subscription and he said, "Yes. I put in some money and got a three year's subscription!" Wasn't that nice of Daddy?

Ruth Greeley
Portland, Maine
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I enjoy reading your magazine so much that I read it about five times before I am finished. I just love Peter the Farm Detective. Talara is not a big town because not many people live here. My father is General Superintendent for the oil company. When he came here he worked in a laboratory but now he works behind a desk. He has been here for twenty-one years.

Charles Ebets
Talara, Peru, S. A.
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

This is the fourth letter I've written. The first one my dog spoiled. The others were lost around the house. Well, how's the gang? How's Pluto and Donald? Say, but I sure did like Donald Duck's Cousin Gus. It made me laugh all day. I have to go to bed now.

Goodnight,

Ken Wickens
London, Ontario, Can.
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

My brother and I decided to take turns getting the magazine first, like January, my brother, February, me and so on. In the whole magazine I like Peter the Farm Detective best.

Walter Kaiser
Chicago, Illinois
Age 9

Hello, Everybody:

Isn't this the most exciting bunch of mail you ever read?

Remember to put your name, your age and your full address at the bottom of your letter. Address, Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Your pal,

Mickey

THE PLANET JUPITER

Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

LARGER than all the rest of the planets put together, Jupiter is a giant world. It would take eleven of our earths lined up to be as wide as it is, and more than a thousand earths to fill it if it were a hollow sphere.

Like the earth, Jupiter turns upon its axis, but more rapidly than the earth does. A day there goes twice as fast as it does upon the earth. We can tell how long the day is by taking out a telescope and watching the planet spin. There are dark bends across the yellow disc of Jupiter. These always look very much the same, so we can pick out a spot and watch it. There is one big red spot that appears and disappears. When it is there it is very easy to measure the day. When the same spot goes off one edge, reappears on the other side and comes back to the same place, we can see that the planet has turned once around on its axis.

A year, though, lasts much longer there because Jupiter is farther from the sun. It is so far away that it takes nearly twelve of our years to go once around the sun. We can tell how long the year is by watching Jupiter go around the zodiac and trace its path along the stars.

While the earth has but one moon, Jupiter has eleven. Four of these are large enough so that you can see them in just a small telescope. They move so fast around the planet that you can see them go behind it and then come out on the other side or across before it and cast their shadow on the planet. In this manner they make eclipses and are eclipsed themselves. Sometimes they are all on one side of the planet and sometimes there are several out of sight.

Even though we know the length of the day and year for this big world, the number of moons it has and how big it is, we cannot see it very well. What we really see is not the surface of the world. We cannot see the ground but we look at clouds above it. These clouds are made of gases that we could not breathe and no people could live there. Methane and ammonia gases fill the air of Jupiter and these are the gases that we die of in coal mines or refrigerating plants. Also it is cold out there because it is so far from the sun.

In addition to its family of eleven moons, Jupiter has over thirty comets that move around it, too.

EVERYTHING would have been all right if the dentist had held his tongue. But instead he boasted about what he had done. "I am the only man who ever made a false tooth for a giant," he cried. And he felt terribly important.

Before long half the people in the village were talking about Longfellow's misfortune. "Did you know that the giant's bad temper was caused by a toothache?" asked the man at the vegetable market.

"You don't mean it," cried the ladies who were buying vegetables.

"Indeed I do! And now that the dentist has made him a false tooth he is as happy and as mild as ever."

So the story passed from house to house. Everyone wondered how large the giant's teeth were and what they looked like. "I'd give a lot to see that false tooth," said one man. "When the giant dies, we'll have to build a museum for it."

MEANWHILE, up at his house on the hill, Longfellow was leading the same quiet sort of life that he had led before the dreadful toothache. Each morning he was up early, ready to take a walk as soon as breakfast was over. After dinner he had his nap for an hour, and then he often put together jigsaw puzzles or played checkers with his housekeeper. In the evening he read a few fairy tales and then took his enormous teddy bear out of the closet and went upstairs to bed.

It may surprise you that a man as big as that should have a teddy bear, and Longfellow was really somewhat ashamed of it. He never mentioned the bear to anyone, and yet he would not have dreamed of settling down for the night without it.

Several months passed after the visit of the dentist and everything seemed to be running smoothly. Then one afternoon the giant woke from his nap feeling quite miserable. He did not know what was the matter. His head felt heavy, his eyes ached, and he was thoroughly wretched.

"Alack-a-day," he cried, "woe is me. I am very unwell."

He was about to call his housekeeper and ask for a hot water bottle when suddenly an idea occurred to him. Perhaps his false tooth was losing its sweetness. The sugar might have melted away. He ran his tongue along the back of his teeth until he came to the

place where the false one belonged. But to his dismay, his tongue slipped into a large empty space.

"Oh HORRORS," he shouted, "Mehitable Jane, Mehitable Jane —come quickly. My tooth is gone."

The housekeeper ran up the stairs, panting and puffing because she was much too fat to hurry anywhere.

"My tooth is gone," repeated Longfellow. "What shall I do?"

As soon as she could get her breath, Mehitable Jane replied sensibly: "Look for it." And immediately she began to search.

The giant tried to help. He looked under the rugs and behind the pictures and in a great many other places where a tooth could not possibly be. At last, after Mehitable Jane had hunted all over the room, she shook her head.

"I'm afraid it isn't here," she told Longfellow.

The giant thumped his fist down on the table and curled his lower lip out as far as it would go.

"Don't be a big baby," said Mehitable. "You're much too big to act like that."

"I don't CARE," cried the giant. "I can't help it if I'm too big. Why does everyone have to keep telling me how BIG I am?"

"There, there. You just get right into bed. Then you'll feel better."

"But I've only been OUT of bed for a few minutes."

"Of course you have," agreed the housekeeper. "And if you were feeling well you could stay up, but today you are ill so you ought to be in bed. I'll get your teddy bear."

The giant smiled. It was true that he felt sick, and if he had to stay in bed, it would be nice to have his bear for company.

A few minutes later Mehitable Jane brought the bear into Longfellow's room. Then—without a word to him—she left the house and went for the doctor. She had a horrible idea about that false tooth, and she couldn't rest until she told someone.

There were two excellent doctors in the town, but they were both out, so the housekeeper had to ask for the third one. She didn't like him very well, and neither did the giant. Still, he seemed to be better than nothing.

"What do you think is the matter?" the doctor asked her.

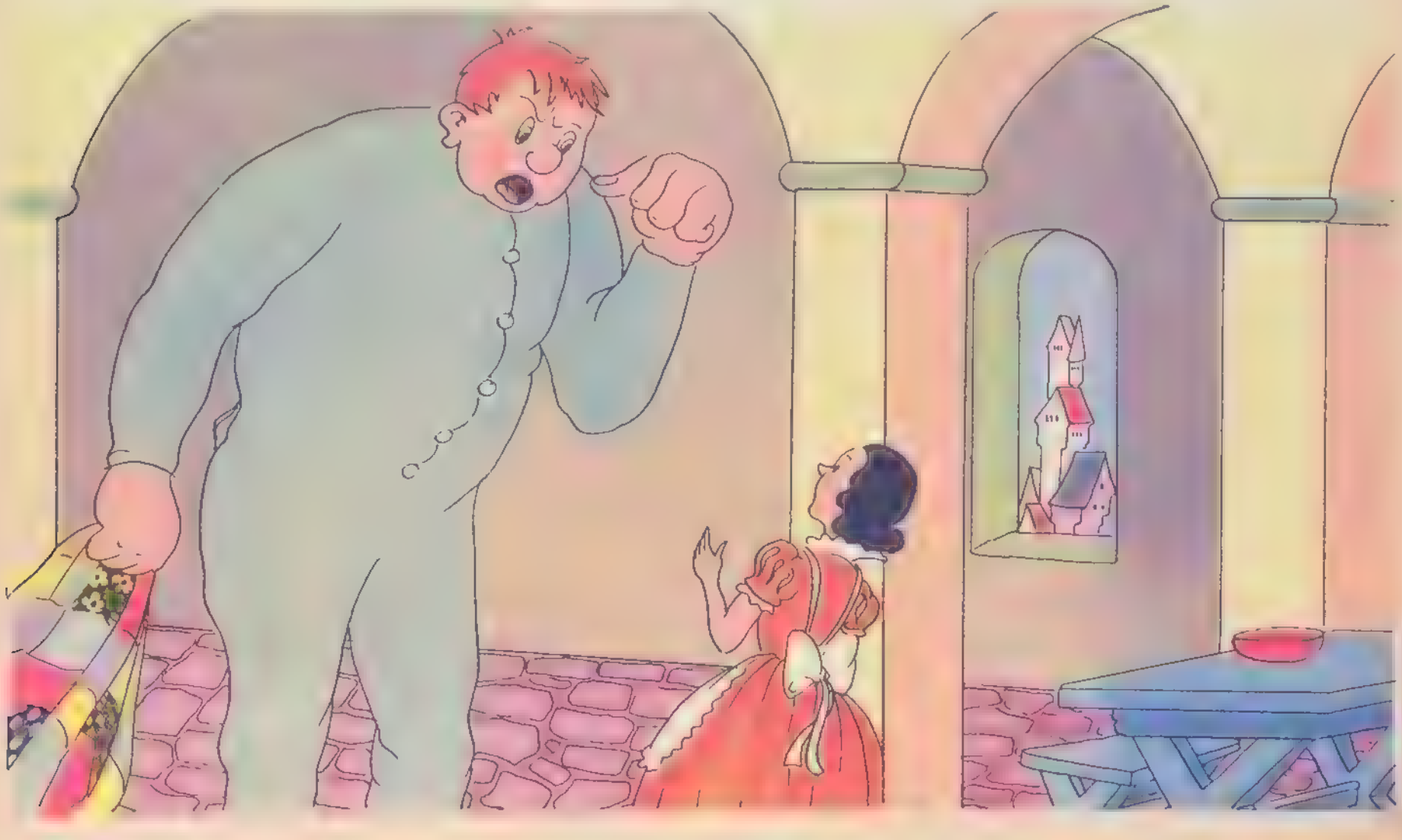
"I'm not sure," replied Mehitable, "but I think he has swallowed his false tooth."

"Good gracious me," cried the doctor. "That is serious. I must bring my assistant because we may have to cut him open to get it out."

"I certainly hope you won't," said the housekeeper.

The doctor rubbed his hands and beamed at her pleasantly. "Not if we can avoid it, of course, but you never can tell how these things will turn out. I must get my knives and scissors. Simpson—" he called to his assistant—"the giant has swallowed his tooth. It's a marvelous opportunity. Get your tools and come with me."

When they arrived at Longfellow's house, he was sitting up in bed with the teddy bear on his knees. Fortunately, he heard the



men's voices before they reached his room. Without stopping to think, he shoved the bear under the covers and slumped down against the pillows.

"Well, well, well," began the doctor. "Feeling sick today, Longfellow?"

"MR. Longfellow to you," growled the giant, who was trying desperately to hide the hump teddy made in the covers.

"To be sure," smiled the doctor. "Now would you kindly open your mouth, Mr. Longfellow?"

The giant was feeling very cross, but he opened his mouth because he preferred the men to look at his head rather than the bump in the bedclothes.

"The tooth is gone," remarked the doctor, after a look through his magnifying glass.

"Of course it's gone." grumbled Longfellow. "I knew that already."

"Ah-ha," cried the doctor gaily. "But where did it go? Can you tell me that?"

"I wouldn't if I could," the giant replied.

"Tut, tut! And yet I am the one who can find it for you. My large scissors please, Simpson."

"What do you want with scissors?" asked Longfellow.

"Just to help me search for the tooth—not important, you know, not important. And now, my good man, we shall take away these blankets—"

The giant clutched the covers firmly. "NEVER!" he shouted.

The doctor was almost deafened by the noise. "Calm yourself, sir," he begged. "You want your tooth, don't you? I am the man who can get it for you."

"Did you steal it?" asked Longfellow.

"Steal it? Tut, tut! No indeed."

"Then how do you know where it is?"

"I know where it must be. You went to sleep with it. You woke up without it. It was not in the room where you were sleeping. There is only one place where it could be."

"And that is?" insisted the giant.

"And that is right inside of you, my good friend."

"I am not your good friend."

"But you will be," smiled the doctor. "You will be when I give you back your tooth. Now shall we just take away the blankets?"

"NO," shouted the giant. His voice was so loud that it made the windows rattle.

"Very well," said the doctor. "No hurry, Mr. Longfellow, no hurry at all. I'll just see if I can feel the tooth. It must be large and hard. I should be able to locate it."

He pressed his hand against the giant's stomach. "By Jove," he cried. "Jiminy crickets! Come here, Simpson."

"Stop punching me," roared the giant.

"I feel the tooth. I feel the tooth," cackled the doctor.

"Well, stop feeling it," cried Longfellow. He knew that the doctor's hand was on Teddy's hard nose.

The doctor would not let go, and Longfellow realized that there was only one thing to do. Drawing one strong arm from under the covers, he smote the doctor a mighty blow. The poor man tumbled over on the floor, and as Simpson rushed to aid him, he, too, was laid low.

"Get out of here," roared the giant. "And don't come back."

"But the tooth," gasped the doctor, from his place on the floor.

"Never mind the tooth."

"It wouldn't hurt much," begged the doctor. "Just one tiny

cut she'd come."

"If you don't go at once—and take your horrible knives and scissors with you, I'll give YOU a cut that will hurt very much."

"But—"

"No 'buts'—GET OUT."

The doctor went.

So did his assistant.

They took their knives and scissors along.

"Mehitable Jane," called the giant.

"Yes," answered the housekeeper meekly.

"If you ever bring those creatures here again, you'll have to leave with them."

"Yes, sir."

"As if I could swallow my tooth. As a matter of fact, I remember now that I took it out before I went to sleep."

"You don't say."

"I do say, Mehitable. You are more stupid every day. I wish you'd do your marketing and leave me alone."

"Very well," said the housekeeper coldly.

She went downstairs, picked up her basket, and started out. On her way to the shops she noticed a tent some boys had put up. But Mehitable Jane had too much on her mind to pay attention to tents. She did her marketing and turned toward home.

By that time a large crowd of men, women and children had gathered in the road.

"What is all the excitement?" the housekeeper asked. "Is there going to be a parade?"

"Oh no," laughed a little girl. "Haven't you seen the signs? Some boys are giving a show in their tent. It costs ten cents."

"What kind of a show is it?" asked Mehitable Jane. "The whole town seems to be going."

But as she spoke she saw this sign.

ONE DAY ONLY ! ! !
Giant's false tooth
10c a look

"Well, I never," snapped the housekeeper. When the people saw who she was they allowed her to pass, and there on a velvet cushion, lay the false tooth. Mehitable Jane picked it up and put it in her market basket along with the meat and vegetables.

"Stop! Stop! You're spoiling the show," cried some of the boys.

"Your show, indeed! Where did you get that tooth?"

"Humph," said Mehitable. "We borrowed it while Longfellow was asleep."

"He's not asleep now, and I'm sorry for you if he comes down here."

Then she marched out of the tent, and the boys did not try to stop her. Anyway, more than half the people in the town had already seen the tooth.

As for Longfellow, he put the tooth back in his mouth before he heard where it had been found. And when the housekeeper told him the story, he laughed.

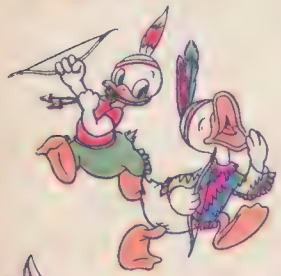
"What a joke on that donkey of a doctor," he said.

"Aren't you going to punish the boys?" asked Mehitable Jane.

"Not this time," laughed the giant. "False teeth are rather funny, you know." And he settled down to read some fairy tales.

THE END

How to give a Circus



IF YOU have a tent or a barn, an attic or a cellar, you might have fun giving a circus this summer. Mickey and his gang gave one last year. They made quantities of pink lemonade, because, of course, pink lemonade is very important. It's easy to make, too. All you have to do is add a small quantity of grape juice to ordinary lemonade—about half a cup to a pitcher full. It looks pretty, and boy, does it taste good on a hot day!

Mickey and Donald planned their circus together.

"I'll take charge of the freaks," said Donald.

"And I'll do some tricks," cried Mickey. "Did you ever see me balance matchboxes on my nose? Guess how many I can balance."

Donald scratched his head. "Two," he said, "—maybe."

"Aw shucks, much more than that."

"Four then."

"Just watch me," cried Mickey.

And to Donald's amazement, he set a dozen boxes end to end and stood the bottom one on his nose. They balanced perfectly. Not a single one fell off.

Would you like to know how he did it? He pushed out the tray of each matchbox about half an inch. Then he stuck each tray into the end of the next box, so the twelve were firmly held together. The space in the lowest box was just big enough to wedge the end of his nose in.

If you want to do this trick without getting caught, remove the tray of the top box entirely, so that your audience won't see that it is sticking out. You don't have to empty the matchboxes. Full ones often hold more tightly.

Mickey went through all sorts of antics to make Donald think that it was hard to balance the boxes. He threw his head back, stretched out his arms, and stood on tip-toe. After that he added more boxes and held them on the tip of one finger.

Then he said: "I know another trick. If you'll give me a nickel, I'll tell you the date without looking at it."

"I'll bite," answered Donald, and handed over the nickel.

Mickey didn't tell him the date on the nickel, but the correct date for that day. That was what he had promised after all.

"That's like the trick where you say: 'Stand on a chair and I'll bring you down on a feather.' When the person climbs up, you bring him a feather and show him the down on it," said Donald.

"I can put myself through a crack, too," cried Mickey. "Think what a fine circus poster that would make. 'Come and see Mickey Mouse put himself through a crack and come back through a keyhole.' "

He pushed a picture of himself under the door.

"Then someone on the other side can roll it up tight and poke it back to me through the keyhole."

"I'm going to display the quintuplets," Donald said. "That ought to bring a crowd."

"Now how are you going to get hold of the quintuplets," cried Mickey.

"I've got 'em already," laughed Donald. "You look in that box over there."

Mickey looked. And there were five baby kittens.

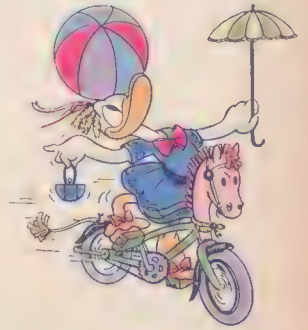
"Quintuplets, all right," Mickey agreed.

"Once I heard about a show that advertised a horse whose tail was where his head ought to be," Donald went on. "And what do you think? They just had an ordinary horse, backed into his stall so that his tail was against his food trough."

Mickey didn't think much of that. "I wonder if Goofy would be a good clown," he said. "We could dress him like George Washington, and teach him a funny speech. He could turn somersaults, too. It would be silly for a clown dressed like Washington to turn somersaults."

"How about some fancy bike

Continued on page 25



How I'd love to be an engineer
And ride a streamline train,
And go from city to city
Through the snow the fog or rain.
Oh! I would drive my passengers
O'er mountain, field and plain,
And Oh! I could have lots of fun
A-driving a streamlined train.
But I really think I am too young
To be an engineer!

Albert Freedin
Outremont, Quebec, Can.
Age 12

Jean Caldwell
Lanai, Hawaii
Age 8

To the readers of the MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE:

This is YOUR PAGE. We invite you to send in original drawings, verse, short stories, descriptions, or interesting facts. We will regard your submission of contributions as permission that they be printed. Please write your name, address, and age plainly. Address: Editor, YOUR PAGE, MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Oh! how we love the winter
With all it's lovely snow.
And in the night
The stars shine bright
And make a lovely glow.

And don't you like the snow-men
Who always smoke a pipe?
They're stiff and still
And cold and chill
And such a funny sight!

We take out our toboggan
And coast right down the hill
Away we go!
Through flying snow
Until we reach the rill.

Frances Doane
Halifax, N. S., Canada
Age 10

the lion, the lion
he dwells in the west
and I will say this
he is a pest.
but his shoulders are stark
and his jaws
they are grim
and a good little child
will not play with him.

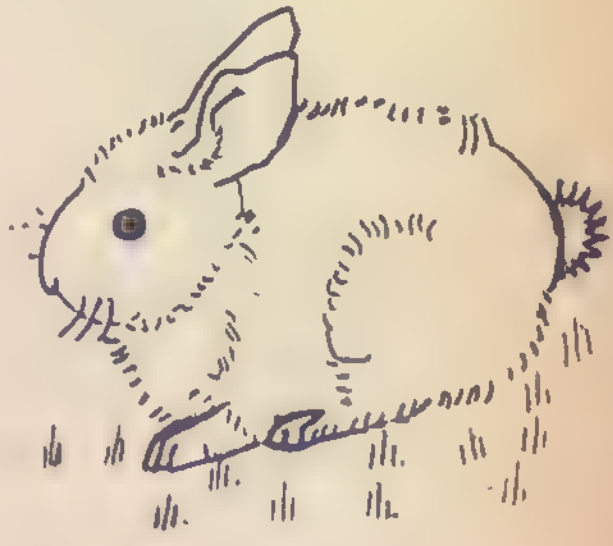
Mary Floyd
Brookline, Mass.

Jack Forbes
San Bernardino, Calif.
Age 10

Winter's going
Mother's sewing.
Spring is near
Spring is here!

The goat and the cow
The horse and the sow
Study they don't
Study—I won't!

Carrol Johnson
Los Angeles, Calif.
Age 11

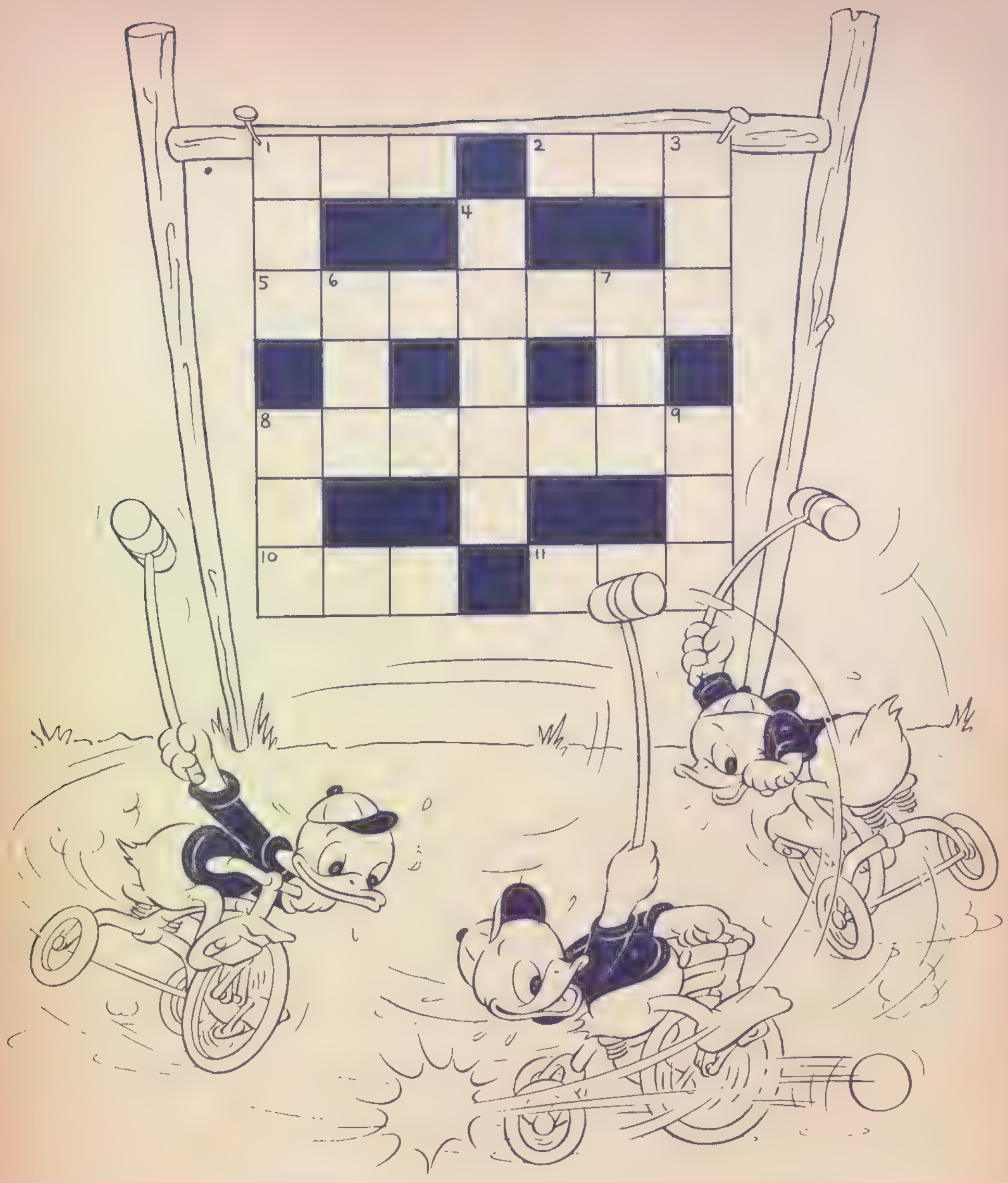


Dorothy Gillogly
Carpenter, Ohio
Age 11

I have a little dog
Her name is Fritzy
She chased her tail
Till she was tipsy.

My little white cat
Whose name is Sniffy
Laid down and laughed
When she saw Fritzy tipsy.

Eva Mae Green
Muncie, Indiana
Age 9



ACROSS

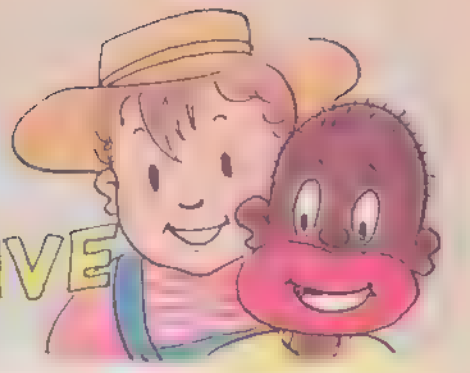
1. Purchase
2. Weep; cry
5. Glance; peek
8. Puffed up
10. Not bright
11. Propel a boat with oars

DOWN

1. Ask alms
3. Insect producing wax and honey
4. Abundant
6. Not high
7. Look at
8. Not happy
9. The present time

Solution to crossword puzzle on page 27

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE



IT WAS hard work digging up the stolen loot from the general store. Peter leaned on his shovel and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"Well, so far so good, Sheriff," he grinned. "We've got the evidence all right, plenty of it."

"You're stumped this time! Is that what you're driving at?" laughed the Sheriff.

"Wait and see," Peter replied and whistled for Nosey, then disappeared in the tool shed. He came out with an old pair of trousers that had been forgotten on the floor.

"Here Nosey get a good scent of this and then off with you—we'll be close on your heels!"

The Sheriff laughed his hearty laugh, but not for long. In a minute or two Nosey was turning round and round sniffing the ground and then he was off down the road, with Peter and Watson close behind him.

Suddenly Nosey disappeared under a fence and by the time Peter and Watson had scrambled over it Nosey was already approaching a small house in a grove of trees. He went up to the door and sniffed at the crack and then scratched and barked as loudly as he could.

"Look!" cried Peter.

Watson's eyes were round as saucers. The door which had been opening gradually suddenly flew back and a big man hurled an empty can at Nosey. It flew through the air and hit Watson in the midriff.

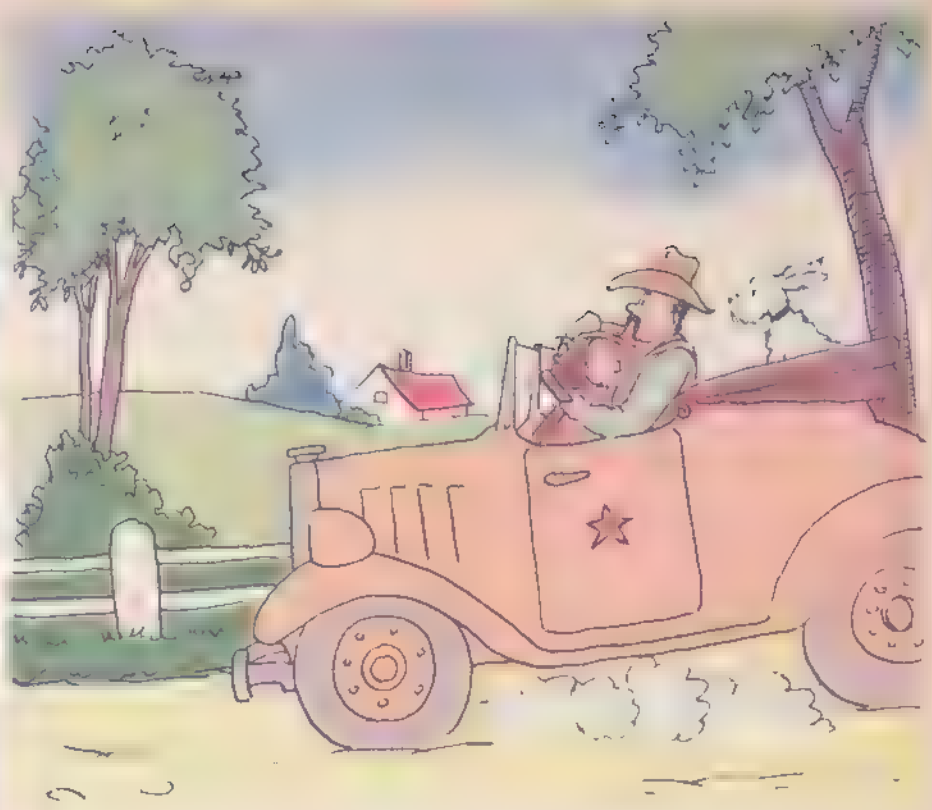
"Sho lucky dat can wasn't loaded!" said Watson, looking rather frightened.

Peter picked it up and examined it carefully, and then he turned and ran back to the road as fast as he could go. Watson was only too glad to follow.

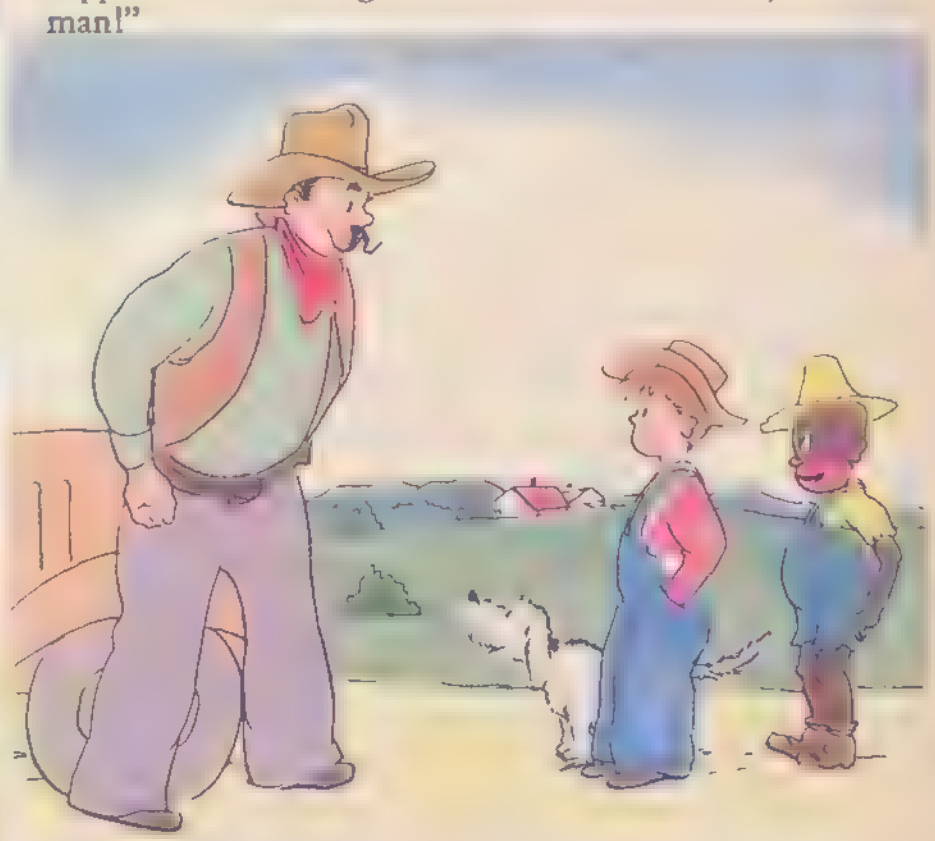
The Sheriff was driving along slowly as though he was just out for a little ride. When he saw Peter he pulled up and opened the door. Peter and Watson climbed in and Nosey galloped after them, scooting into the back seat.

"Drive on," Peter said breathlessly, "and I'll explain, because we've got to get right back here with a couple of men before he escapes. Probably thought we were just a couple of kids. I don't think he was alarmed. But take a look at this!

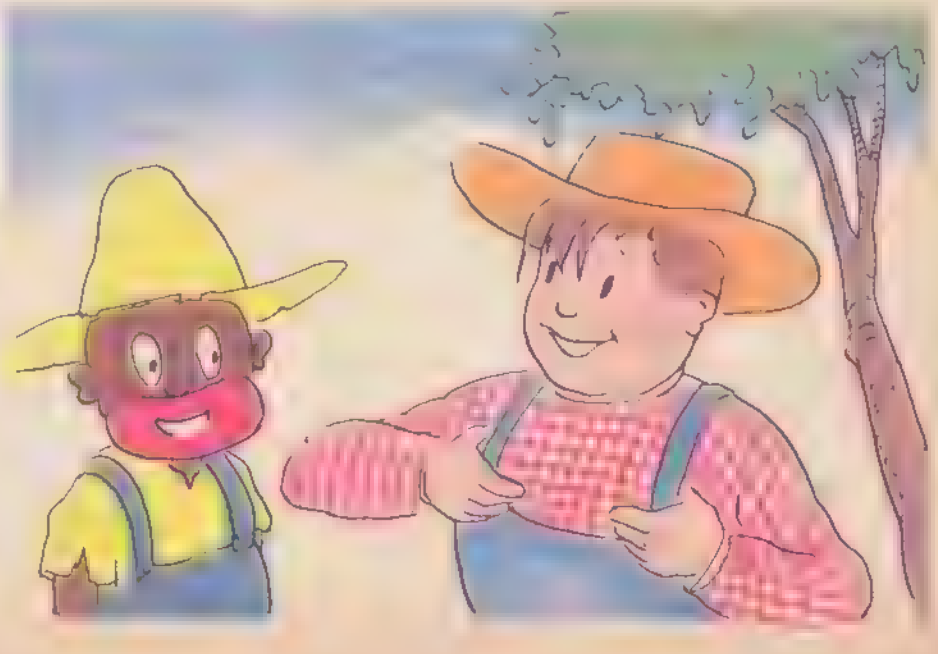
"See that label!" Peter went on. "It's that new soup they were talking so much about at the general store and there are a couple dozen more cans just like it in the buried loot. The case had just been delivered and not one can was sold!"



"Peter, that's A-plus evidence all right and it all pieces together nicely too," the Sheriff said, stepping on the gas. "There's no time to tell you what I think of you now. We've still got to get this man behind bars tonight—but I'm going to ask your mother if you can come over to supper with me tonight. And then we'll talk, just man to man!"



A beautiful smile spread over Peter's face and for no good reason he felt at least a foot taller than he had when he got up that morning.



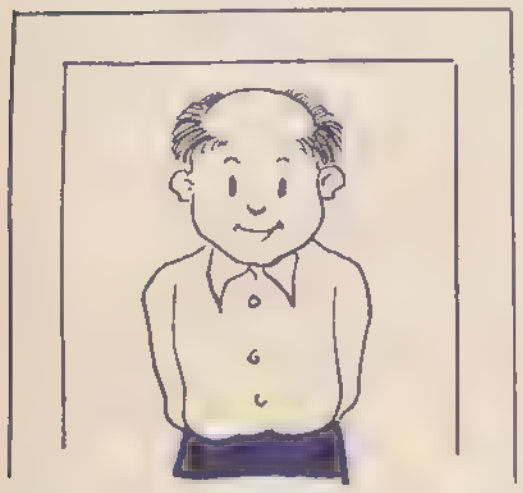
Wise Quacks

Edited by Donald Duck

Lady: Will you take my groceries home for me?

Little boy: Sure, if you'll buy me a wagon!

Donald Barnett
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Age 8



Barber: How do you want your hair cut, little boy?

Boy: A round spot on top like papa.

Mercer Cook
Paris, France

Bobby: In my dream I saw a train loaded with chewing gum.

Tommy: Oh! a chew-chew train.

Russell Webb, Jr.
Neenah, Wisconsin
Age 10

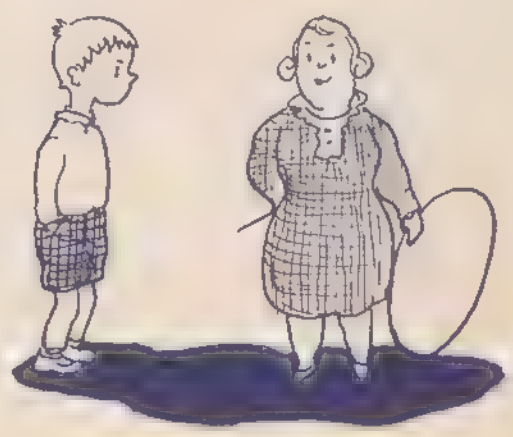
"Goodness, Billy, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet!"

"But mother, they're the only feet I have!"

Gertrude Leir
Springfield, Mass.

Joshua Brush, a travelling man
Who sailed the briny main,
Was Mr. Brush in England
And Senor Brush in Spain.
The Frenchmen called him Monsieur Brush
But the Germans were his bane.
For they always called him *Herr Brush*
Which filled his soul with pain.

Earl B. Putnam
Fredericksburg, Va.
Age 12



Little Boy: Were you ever as little as I am, mother?

Mother: Yes, of course.

Little Boy: Then why didn't you ever come and play with me?

Jacqueline Zuihlke
Grand Meadows, Minn.
Age 9

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York city.

Wife: Wake up, John! There's a burglar going through your trousers' pockets.

Husband: You'll just have to fight it out between yourselves.

Jane Preston
Tazewell, Va.
Age 8

Teacher: Why are you late for school?

Pupil: I was sick—but I got well too soon.

Bruce Reinhart
Reading, Pa.
Age 8

An Irishman was sitting in a waiting room when an attendant came up to him and politely told him smoking was not allowed there.

"And for sure I'm not smoking," said the Irishman.

"But you have a pipe in your mouth," protested the attendant.

"And I have shoes on my feet, too, but I'm not walking," replied the Irishman.

Dale Lee Hoiseth
Sedan, Minn.
Age 9

HOW TO GIVE A CIRCUS

Continued from page 19

riding," suggested Donald. "We could put a cardboard horse's head on the back and a tail on the handle bars."

"Or we might have the rider wear a false face on the back of his head," Mickey said. "And false hair in front with just a tiny place to see through. Then if he put his clothes on backwards, it would look as if he were all mixed up."

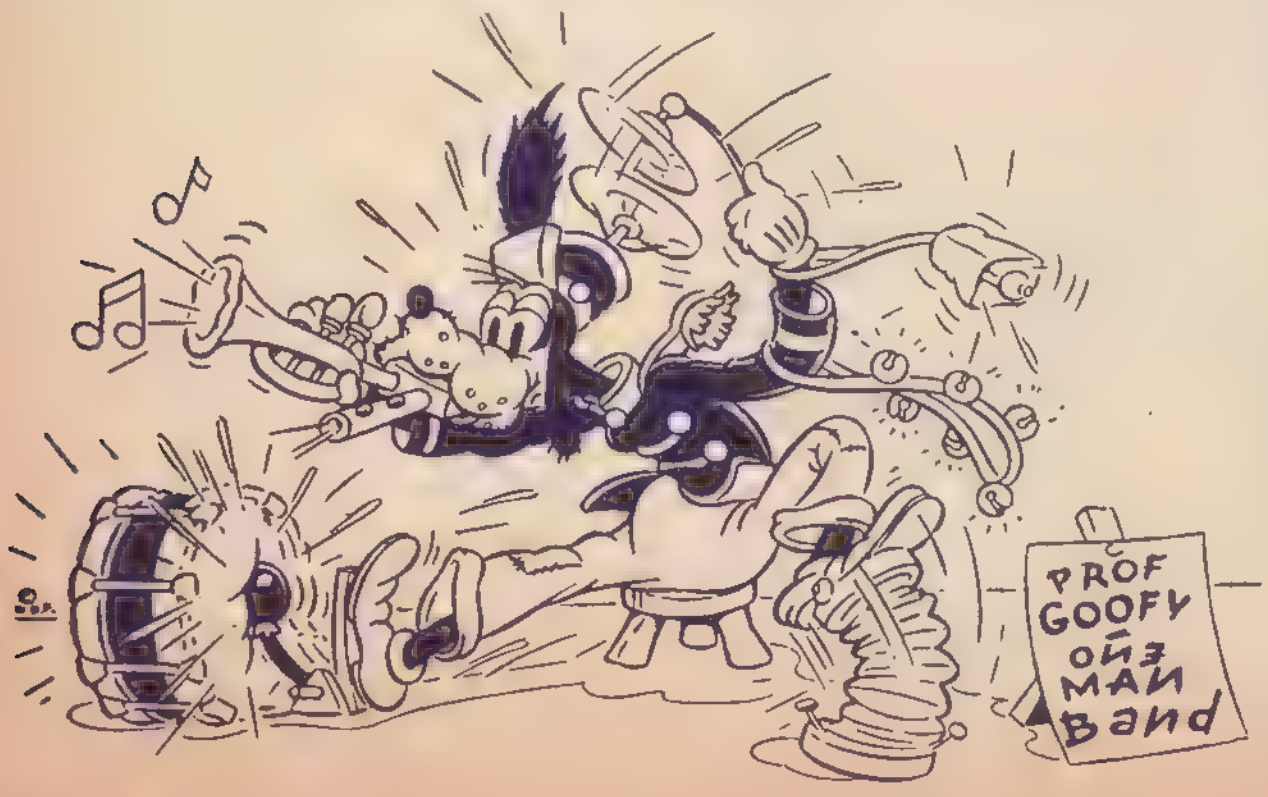
YOU WILL probably be able to think of lots of things for your circus, depending on where you have it. If it is in a barn, have someone jump from the rafters into the hay for a stunt. Or if you are lucky enough to have a back yard with a trapeze in it, one of your actors can perform.

Two children dressed up like an animal can have fun, too, and the sillier they look, the better. One child is the back and hind legs, and he puts his arms around the one in front, who represents the head and front legs. An old sheet and a cardboard head, will cover them up very well. A piece of rope makes a good tail.

This curious animal can be accompanied by a trainer, who will tell him to lie down, back up, dance a jig, or climb up on a box and turn around.

Of course, a circus isn't a circus without a band. One of your friends may have a drum or a bugle, but if not you can always fall back on combs covered with tissue paper. If you've never tried humming through a comb, you've certainly missed something. Just wrap one layer of tissue paper around it.

You may not know that in a real circus, the manager doesn't tell the clowns what to do, they tell him an act they have thought up, and if he thinks it's funny, he let's them go ahead. So in your circus, get all your friends to think of different stunts, and the first thing you know you will have worked up a good show.



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BOOK REVIEW

RUTH BRYAN OWEN herself can best tell us about these old Scandinavian tales which she first came to know and enjoy while she was United States Minister to Denmark.

"Once I saw a delightful screen which had been made by Hans Christian Andersen. Tiny silhouettes of characters from his stories were pasted in a garland around a verse which the poet had written.

The tree of fairy tale bears wonderful fruit and flowers,

And in Denmark how richly it blossoms!

"It is true that the tree of fairy tale has always blossomed richly there and that the children of all the world have enjoyed its quaint leaves and fabulous flowers.

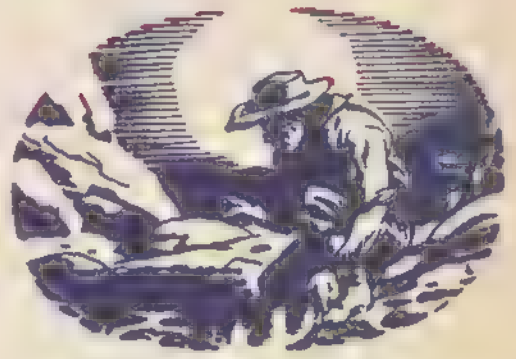
"The stories in this book were first told long ago and they have been repeated over and over again in that green northern land—in the straw-thatched cottages and in the castles with copper towers.

"There was always time for the telling of tales in Denmark, in the long summer days when it was scarcely twilight at midnight, and in the winter when the world was wrapped around with a mantle of darkness and snow. And people will go on telling them as long as there are those, young or old, who wish to slip away from reality and search for the *Castle in the Silver Wood.*"

These stories have never appeared among collections of folk tales in English. They have been translated directly from the Danish with much more charm and imagination.

Marc Simont has made the many lovely illustrations that run along hand in hand with the stories.

The Castle in the Silver Wood and Other Scandinavian Fairy Tales by Ruth Bryan Owen, is published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City and costs $2.00.



FOR big people or little people a good adventure story is hard to find and boys and girls alike will be delighted with Howard Pease's new book, *Long Wharf.*

This colorful story is based upon the curious history of the barkentine "Niantic" a real ship which was left deserted in San Francisco Bay in 1850, when her crew jumped overside to go to the gold diggings above Sutter's Fort.

Young Danny Mason, cabin boy, wanted to go too but he didn't because his father was captain of the ship. But when Captain Mason got the pesky gold fever himself, Danny was left alone on board as watch.

"I'll be back with bags of gold dust in six weeks," his father said.

Captain Mason did not return. And when Danny's last two-bit piece was gone he knew he must depend upon himself. The raid of the lawless Sydney Ducks on Long Wharf gave Danny his chance, and he decided to cast his lot with San Francisco, that sprawling reckless city growing like a toadstool. In Danny's valiant fight the city comes to life, a romantic and fantastic place where anything could happen—and did!

LONG WHARF. by Howard Pease, is published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City, and costs $2.00.

ALL of you have read the charming stories about Heidi, I am sure, and so you are familiar with the lovely flowers that bloom on the slopes of the high Alps and the snows and the houses and the peasants.

Resi is a little peasant girl very much like Heidi—a spirited loveable little mountain girl. She is busy every minute of the day, busier than anyone in Middlemeadow, or even in all of Appenzellerland. Between getting her grandmother to take those sticky black cough drops; finding an ear for Uncle Emil, her herdsman doll that Gigi—"that mizzable old goose!" — had pecked almost to pieces; leading the accordian band; and sending Peter down mountain after "old sweety Edelweiss," his goat, she is never idle.

The story is one that grows better with the re-telling and the pictures that fill the book are charmingly done by Kate Seredy. She has caught the tang of the high mountain air and the simplicity of the people—two very intangible things—but while you are reading the story and looking at the drawings that run along with it, somehow you feel yourself walking along the fragrant slopes past the beautiful little houses, while far off across the valley you hear the notes of an alpenhorn.

Eva Roe Gaggin spent several years in Switzerland, where she met Resi, Margit, Peter and Paula, a goose like Gigi, and the other characters you will meet in *An Ear for Uncle Emil*. Since then she has lived a long time in this country but she remembers those happy years and has written this story as though she had lived it—and that only yesterday.

AN EAR FOR UNCLE EMIL, by E. R. Gaggin, is published by The Viking Press, New York City, and costs $2.00.

BOYS here is a boy after your heart! *Reddy* is an ideal chum, the perfect leader of the gang, the planner of adventures galore and the champion of the underdog.

Reddy is the son of Widow Macmanus and leader of the Red Lions of Riverton. The story is laid in a small town near a large city and is based on the rivalry between the gangs of neighboring towns and the exploits of the Red Lions. Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer would have been right at home with this gang!

Judging from the illustrations it would seem that the artist himself had been just such a boy as Reddy and knows intimately all the secret hide-outs of just such a small town and its surrounding country.

REDDY, by Mary Biddle Fitler, is published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, and costs $1.00

Solution to Crossword Puzzle

B	U	Y	■	S	O	B
E	■	■	A	■	■	E
G	L	I	M	P	S	E
■	O	■	P	■	E	■
S	W	O	L	L	E	N
A	■	■	E	■	■	O
D	I	M	■	R	O	W

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Continued from page 9

longer than necessary to view the collections.

So he put a large sign reading TO THE EGRESS on a back door.

"What kind of animal is that?" the visitors asked each other. And they hurried through the door, only to find that Barnum's EGRESS meant EXIT. They were in the street, and would have to pay another quarter to come inside again.

One of Barnum's biggest finds was a midget twenty-five inches high. He called him General Tom Thumb and exhibited him, not only at the museum, but in various parts of the world. When they were in England, Barnum even succeeded in showing Tom Thumb to Queen Victoria.

At the end of the first royal audience after the midget had amused everyone with his remarks, Barnum started to back out of the room. He had been told that this was the proper way to leave the royal family. Tom tried to back out, too, but his legs

were so short that he couldn't keep up with Barnum. So he took a few steps in a dignified manner, and then turned around and ran to Barnum's side. Then he faced the queen again, bowed and solemnly walked backwards. He did this several times, until everyone in the room was laughing.

Back in America the museum flourished because Barnum was always trying something new. One of his advertising stunts was to keep an elephant at his home in Bridgeport. In the Spring everyone was amazed to see the elephant pulling a plow in the fields. The newspapers were full of it, and they all mentioned the name of the man who owned both the fields and the elephant.

Many farmers wrote to the showman to ask whether he found an elephant more profitable than a horse, and whether he would advise them to invest in one. Barnum explained that although for many reasons the elephant was far more profitable

THE WONDEROUS COMPANIONS

Continued from page 11

KING: Take gold but do not take her.

MICHAEL: Very well, give us as much gold as this man can carry (*Pointing to John*) and we will go in peace.

KING: Very well, (*Calling to his servants*) load this man with gold (*John and the servants go out—turning to Michael*) Now are you satisfied?

MICHAEL: Aye, more than satisfied.

KING: Let's see how much gold this man can carry. (*Looks over the parapet*)

MICHAEL: (*Looking too*) Looks as if your diet for the next month would be bread and water. (*Turns to his man*) Go stand by Mighty John. Blowy you stay here with me. (*the others go out Michael whispers to Blowy*)

KING: It's impossible. This man will take away all my gold.

QUEEN: You must stop him.

PRINCESS: Do something.

SAGE: Call your guards, and line them up here, and when the six go unsuspectingly out of the gate the guards can shoot at them.

PRINCESS: Good idea. (*King motions to the guards and they line up*)

MICHAEL: I like not the looks of this parade.

BLOWY: Nor I.

MICHAEL: Listen well. We will say polite thanks to the king and as we turn to go, blow them all down, for methinks they intend to shoot us as we leave. Sh—the king.

KING: Are you satisfied now?

MICHAEL: Aye, we will go now. Farewell and thanks (*They turn to go. The king motions to the guards to get ready to shoot*) Go to it, Blowy (*Blowy puts his finger beside his nose and blows. Everyone falls down but Michael and Blowy*) You've knocked them out for a time all right. Quick, we must hurry before they wake up.

BLOWY: (*Picking up the king's crown and putting on Michael*) Here, Master Michael, proceed. (*They go out. The curtains close as six men can be heard singing gaily as they go into the distance*)

to him than any number of horses could be, he was not a good farming animal because he cost too much, he ate too much, and the northern states were really too cold for him.

There was no one, from a king to an elephant that Barnum would not make use of if he got the chance.

ALTHOUGH the museum show was very similar to a circus, its owner was sixty years old before he actually went into the circus business. He had made a fortune and lost it, set to work and made another, and he thought he was ready to retire. But a man like Barnum would be miserable without work to do.

One of his friends suggested the circus business, and before long Barnum was advertising a bigger and better show than the public had ever seen. He went into it with as much energy as if he were just starting out in life.

When he was past seventy, he created tremendous excitement by importing from England a huge elephant named JUMBO. This elephant had given rides to innumerable persons including members of the British royal family, and the British were very angry when the report came out that he had been sold. The rumor was that Barnum, to get more space in the newspapers, had asked his agents to stir up sentiment in England, because controversy always adds to publicity.

Barnum continued in the circus business right up to the time of his death. And as a joke had been played on him, the day he was born, it is hardly surprising that a joke should have been written about him when he died. It was a riddle: Will Barnum get to heaven? And the answer was: He certainly has a good show!

Vacation days are here again

Get away from it all! Go to the mountains or the seashore—escape from the humdrum monotony of daily routine. And above all stop counting pennies while you are vacationing. Yes, we know it takes cash to do this which is why we want you to know this

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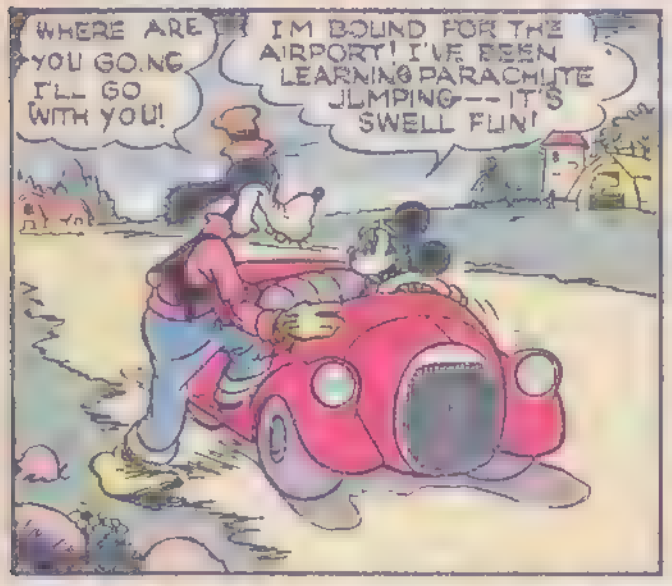
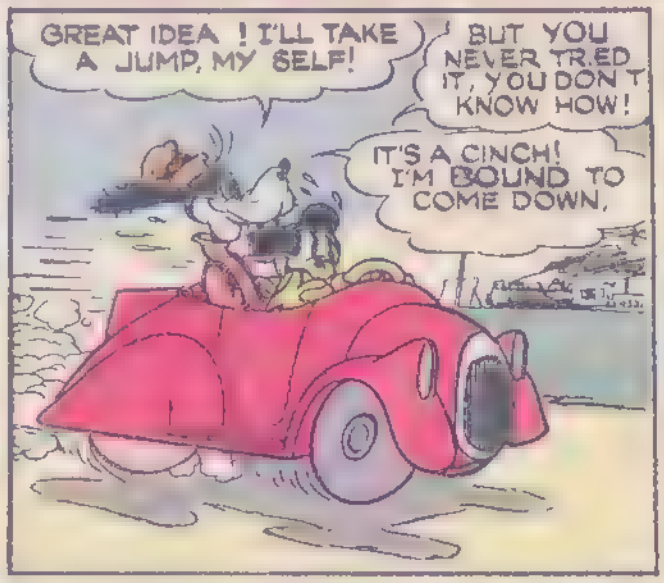
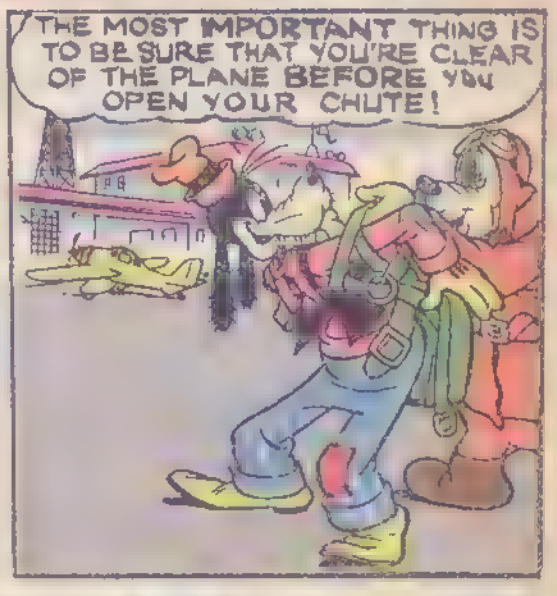
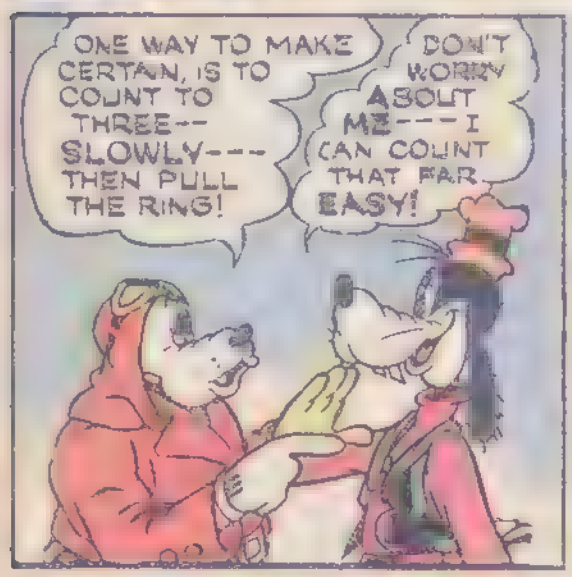
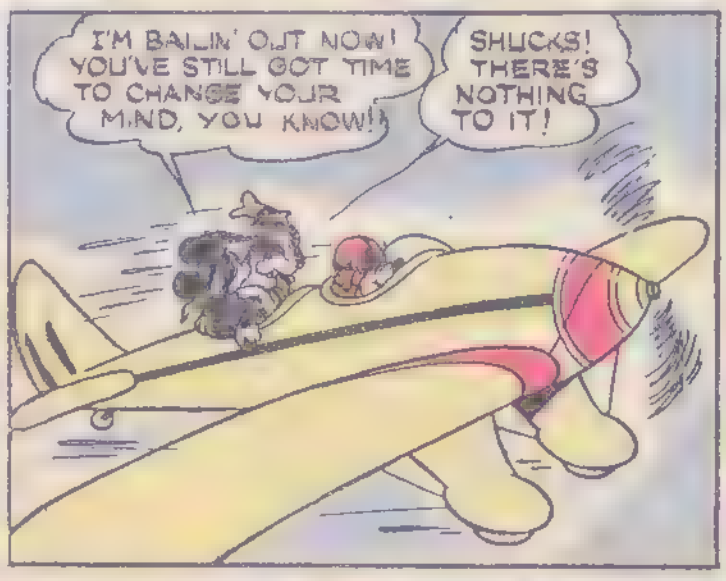
MICKEY MOUSE

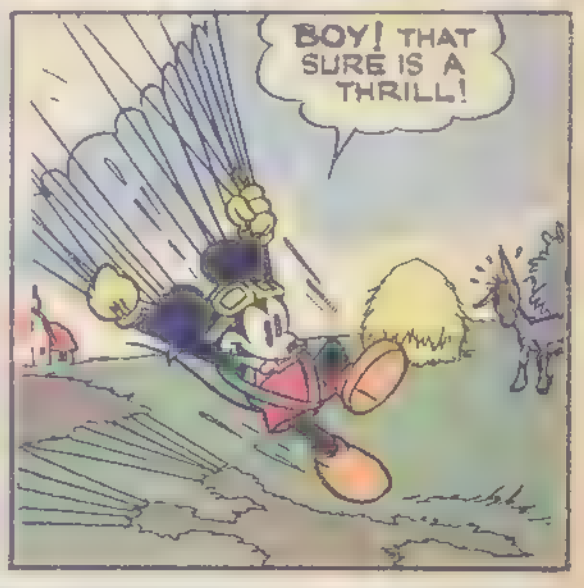


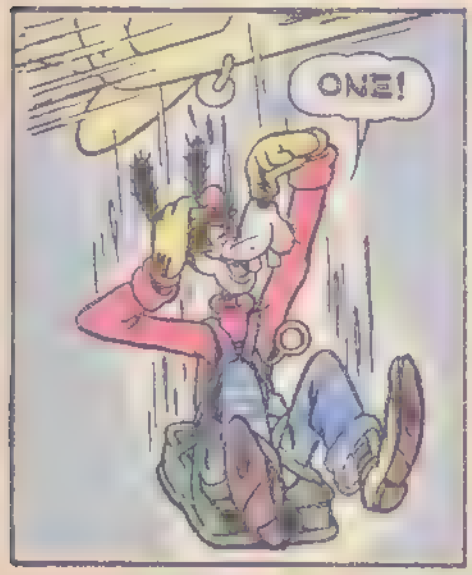


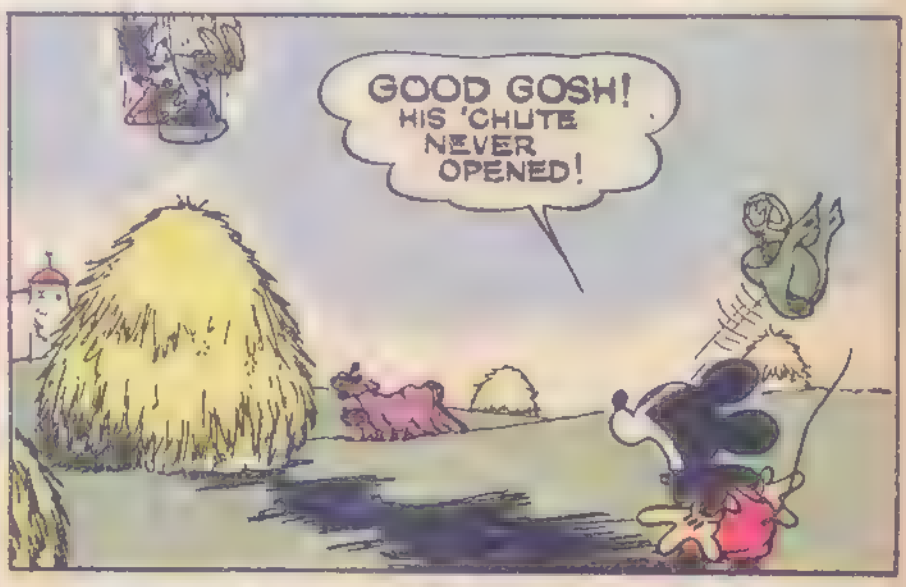


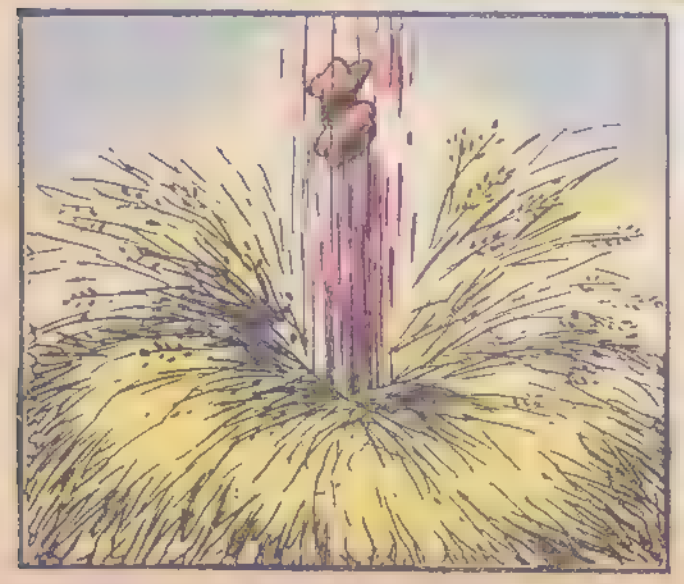


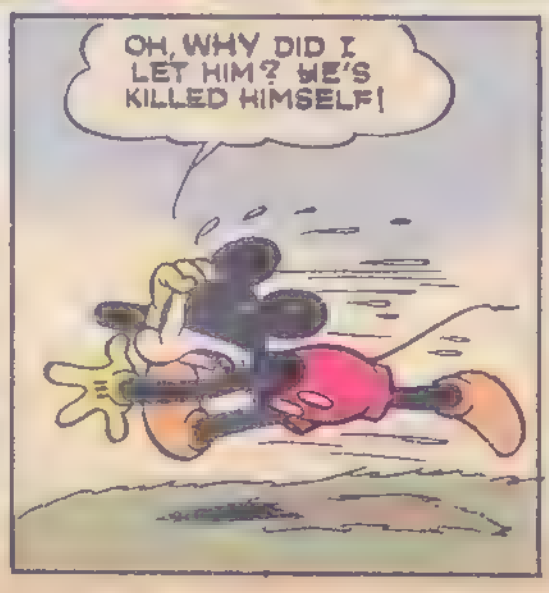


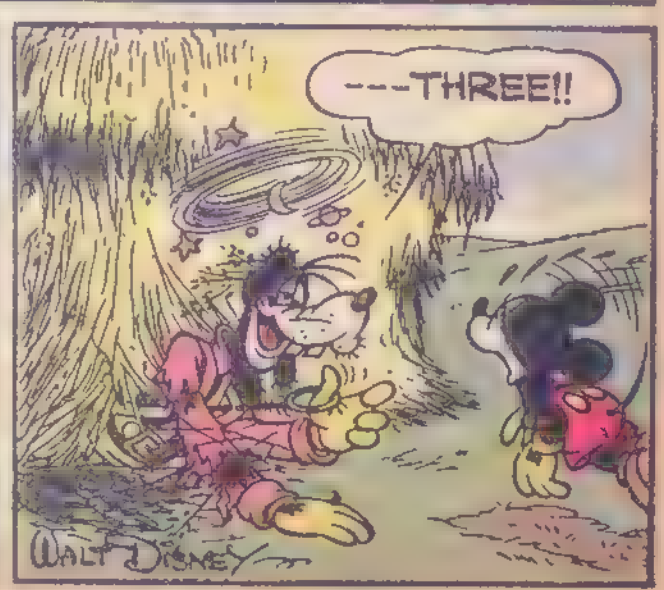




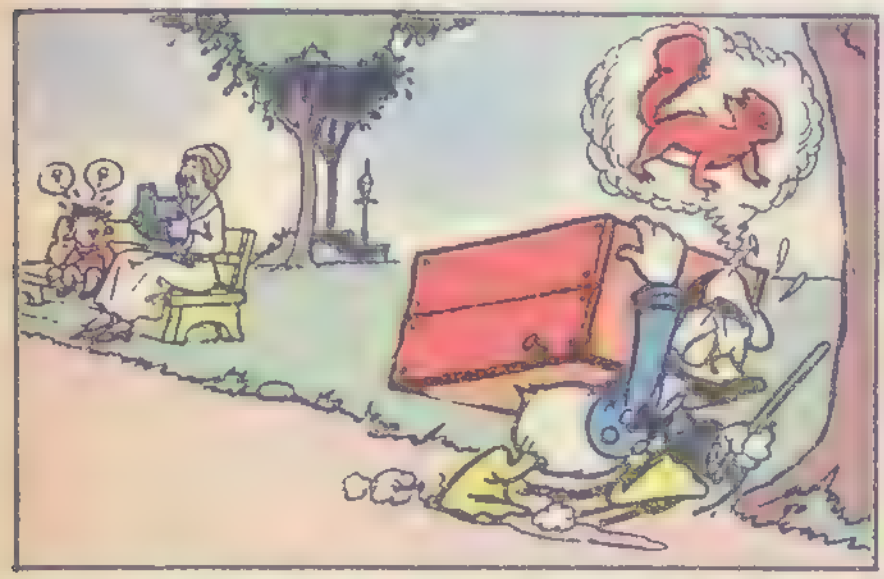


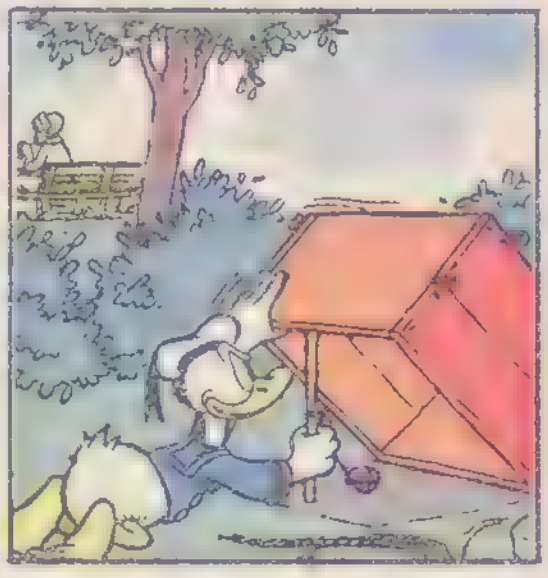


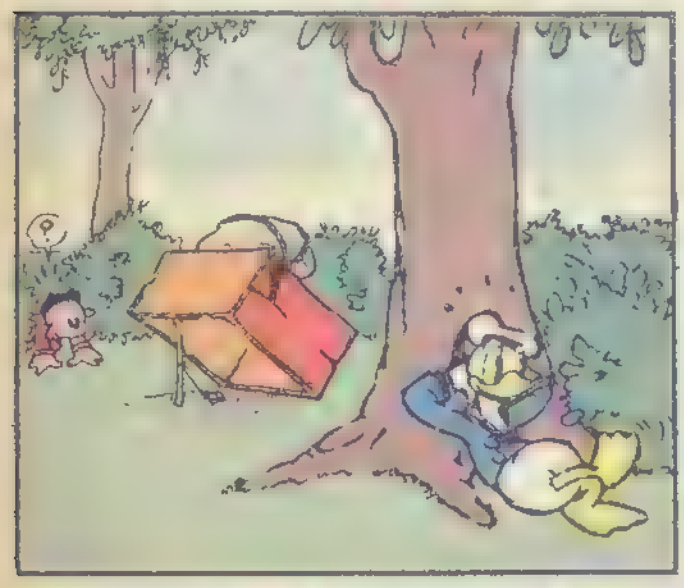


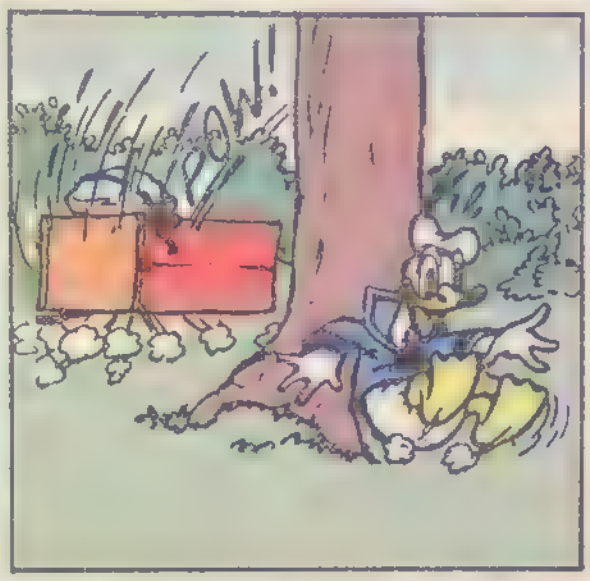


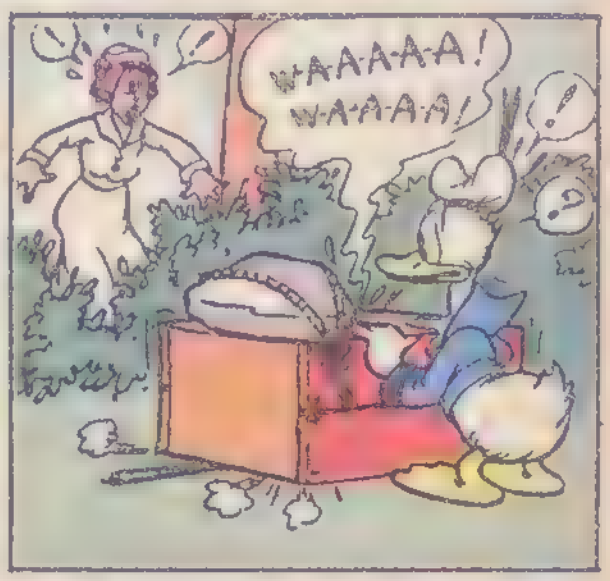
DONALD DUCK





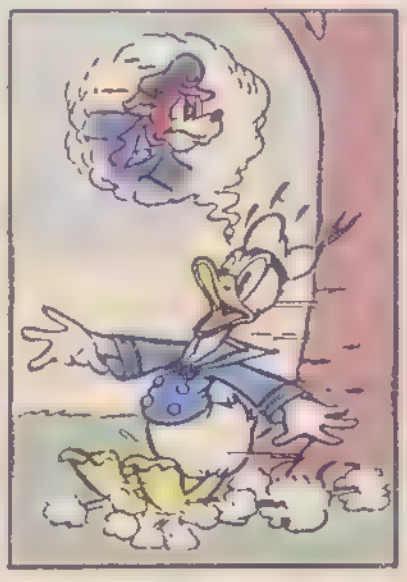


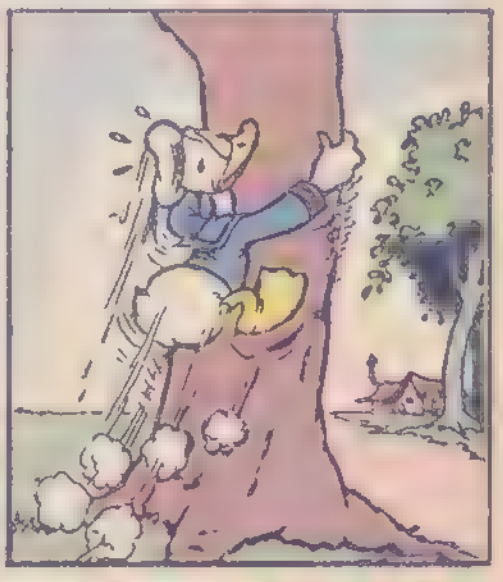


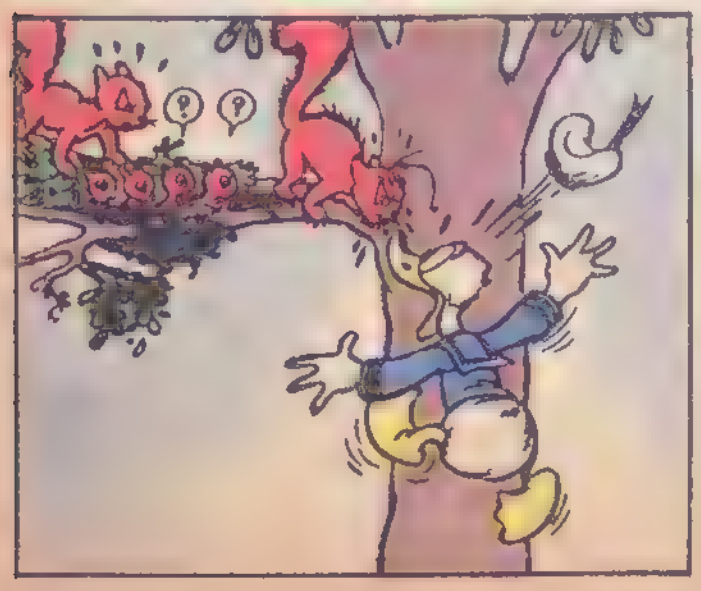

A-A-A-A-A!
A-A-A-A-A!

HELP!
POLICE!
KIDNAPER!

HELP!
HELP!
POLICE!







CHEET!
CHATTER!
CHEET!
CHEET!
O-W-W-W!
LEGGO!!

PENDING
INVESTIGATION
WALT DISNEY

MICKEY MOUSE

by

WALT DISNEY

GOOFY IN A ROWBOAT HAS RESCUED MICKEY FROM PETE'S SHIP

HOWEVER HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE LOCATION OF THE "DAFFODIL" AND THEY ARE LOST IN THE DARK NIGHT!

NO SENSE IN ROWING ANY MORE! WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A NAP TILL DAYLIGHT!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! WE CAN'T FIND THE SHIP IN THE -DARK!

THE DAWN COMES UP O'ER THE OCEAN!

WAKE UP! WE'RE IN THE FISHING FLEET! THERE'S SHIPS ALL AROUND US!

SHIPS, YOUR GRANNY! THEY'RE ICEBERGS!

A NICE FIX! ROWING ALL NIGHT AND ENDING UP IN A MESS OF ICEBERGS!

WELL, UH-- GAWRSH! I AM NOT A PILOT. MAYBE I DID GO A SHADE OUT OF THE WAY!

?

VOO-O-- OOOP!

MUST BE A FOG-HORN' ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT ICEBERG!

A SHADE? YOU--- WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

GAWRSH! NOW THE SOUND'S COMING FROM WHERE WE WERE!

VOO-OO-O-OOP!

THERE'S SOMETHING HAYWIRE ABOUT ALL THIS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ANYWAY?

VOOO-OOP! VOOO-OOP!

WE'VE BEEN ALL AROUND THIS ICEBERG AND HAVEN'T FOUND THE FOG-HORN! COME ON! I'VE GOT A HUNCH!

IT'S OLD BARNEY! WE GOT HIM TRAPPED!

SHUCKS! I THOUGHT IT WAS OLD BARNEY!

NOPE! IT'S A LADY WHALE--AN SHE'S TRAPPED IN THIS ICEBERG!

WELL THAT DOESN'T GET US BACK TO THE "DAFFODIL," NOR CATCH OLD BARNEY!

HM-MM! BUT IT GIVES ME AN IDEA

COME ON, IF WE ROW SOUTH WE'LL REACH THE "DAFFODIL" STEP ON IT!

BUT WHAT'S THE FEMALE WHALE GOT TO DO WITH IT? OLD BARNEY'S THROUGH.

STOP ASKING QUESTIONS! WE HAVE GOT TO FIND OUR SHIP-- PRONTO!

ON BOARD THE GOOD SHIP, "LADY DAFFODIL," THE ABSENCE OF GOOFY HAS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED

AYE, SIR! SKIPPED OFF WITH ONE OF THE DORIES!

IF I EVER CATCH THEM I'LL THROW THEM IN IRONS! DO YOU HEAR?

AYE, SIR! THEY'VE GOT IT COMING TO THEM!

THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TO GET SOME SLEEP!

THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TO HAVE A FEW CHOICE WORDS WITH THE CAPTAIN!

GAWRSH! HOME, SWEET HOME!

LADY DAFFODIL

WELL, WOT IN ---?

EET'S MEECKEY!

WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN? NEVER MIND -- I'LL FIND HIM!

HEY - YOU DRIED UP OLD CRAB! WHAT DO YOU MEAN ACCUSING ME OF WRECKING THE ENGINES --- AND DESERTING!

EH?

THINKING I DISABLED THE ENGINES! OF ALL THE NERVE!

W-WHAT?

HERE I WAS, KIDNAPED BY THE BIRD THAT DID WRECK YOUR ENGINES! AND WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU BLAME ME!

BRRHMPH! NOW LOOK HERE - SUPPOSE YOU GO A BIT EASY WITH THAT TONGUE!

I'VE EVEN FOUND A WAY TO GET RID OF THE WHALE FOR YOU BUT---!

YOU HAVE? COME, COME, LAD-- OUT WITH IT!

YOU'VE FOUND A WAY TO GET RID OF OLD BARNEY? WHAT IS IT?

IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T LET ME TRY IT! YOU DON'T TRUST ME!

ALL I'D NEED IS A BOAT AND A FEW SUPPLIES!

THAT'S ALL? AND I'M SUPPOSED TO LET YOU HAVE THEM WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT YOU ARE UP TO!

ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN! BUT, BY THUNDER, YOU BETTER MAKE GOOD YOUR WORD! I'LL TAKE NO ALIBIS!

IT BEATS ME! ONE MINUTE THE OLD MAN'S GOING TO THROW YOU IN IRONS --- NEXT HE TELLS ME TO GIVE YOU WHAT EVER YOU WANT!

YES SOMEBODY MUST HAVE CHANGED HIS MIND!

DANGER XXX

COME ON GOOFY! WE'RE READY TO GO!

HUH?

WAZZAT?

I AM NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

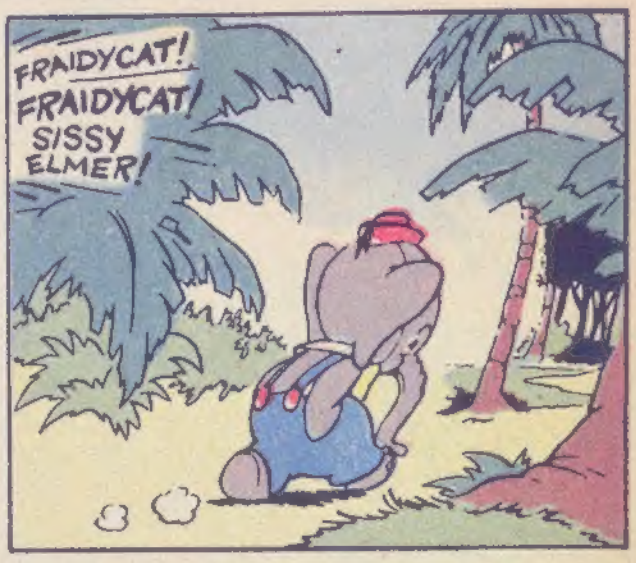
YES YOU ARE! YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME GET RID OF OLD BARNEY--- FOR GOOD!

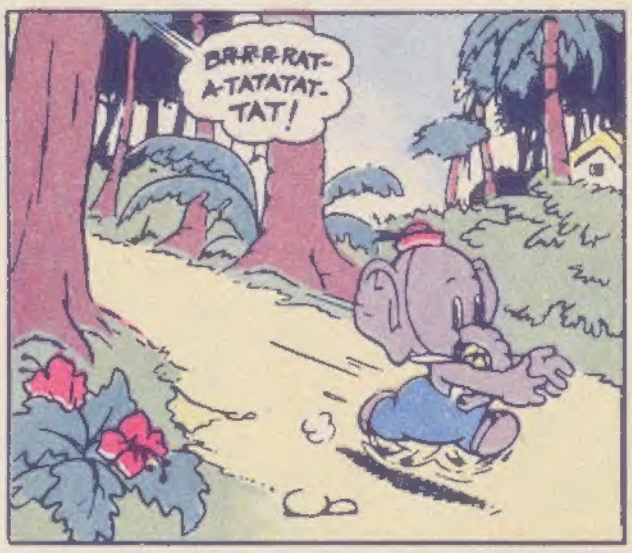
?

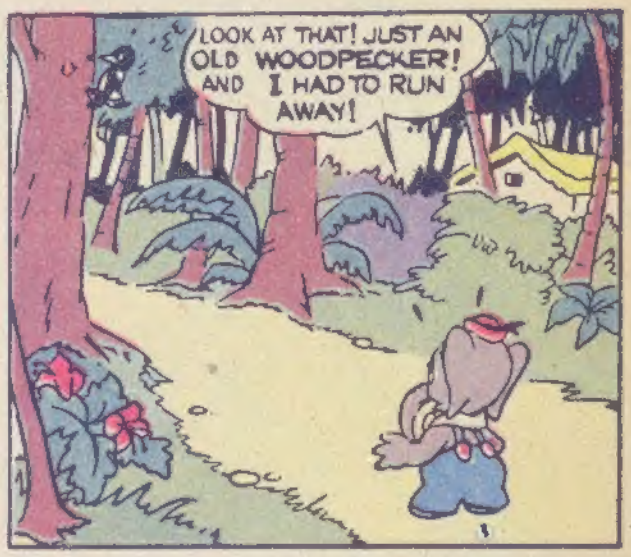
!

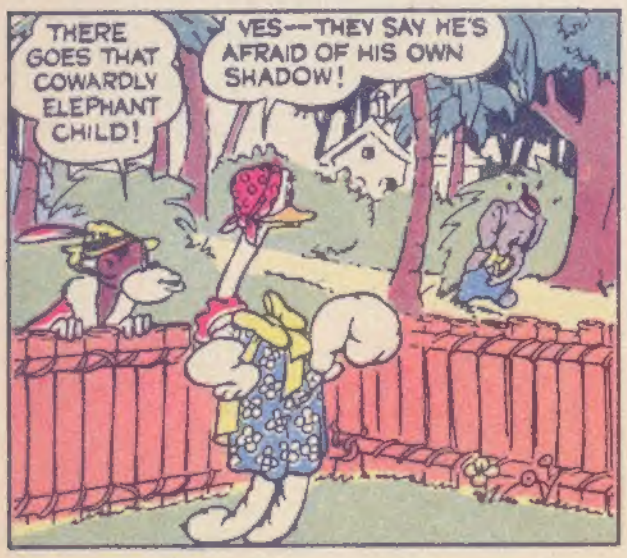
"TIMID ELMER"

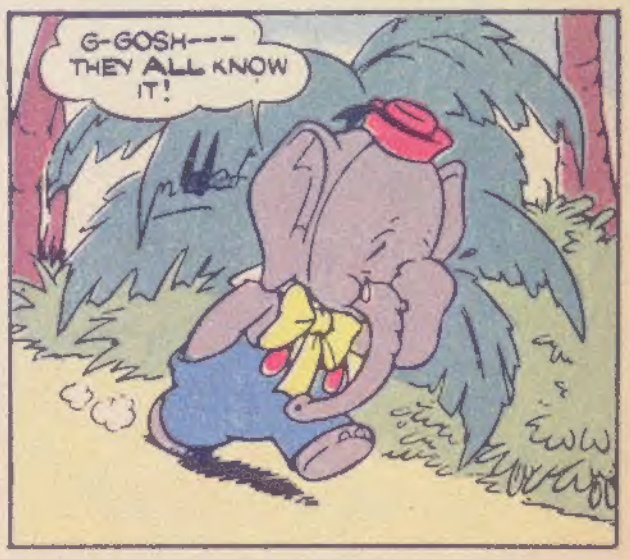
ELMER AFTER BRAGGING ABOUT HIS PROWESS IN CROCODILE HUNTING IS SHOWN UP BY A LITTLE LIZARD, AND LEAVES FOLLOWED BY JEERS

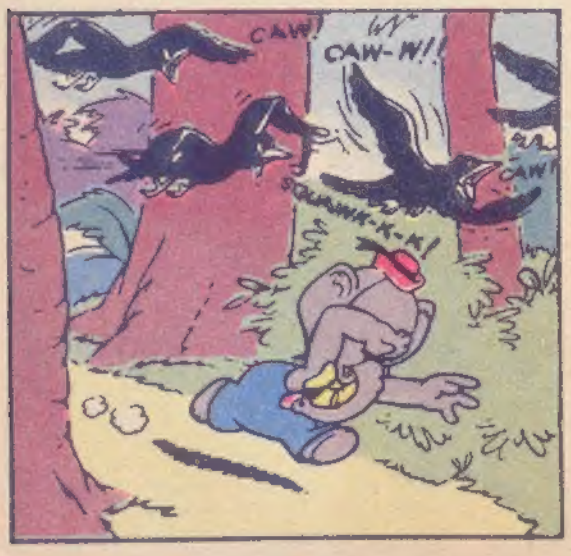


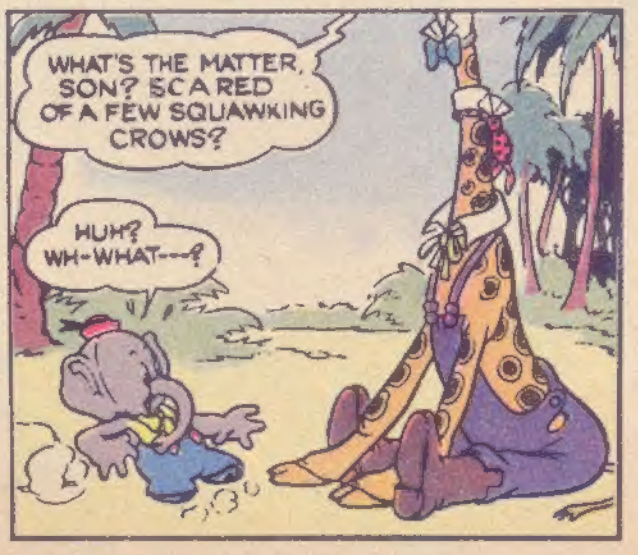


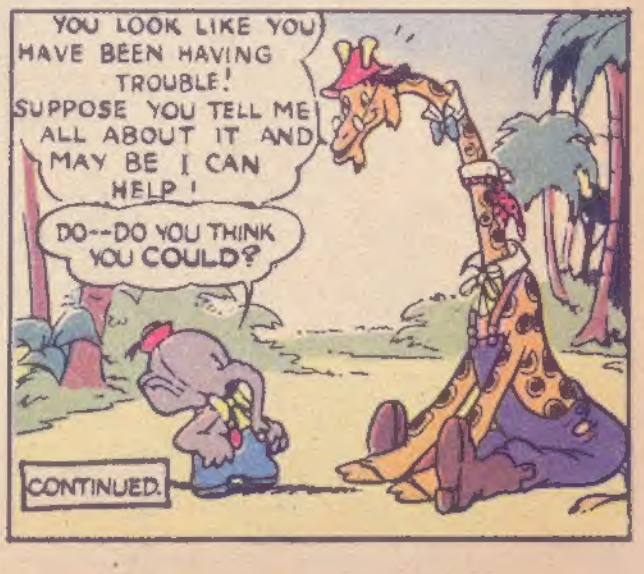






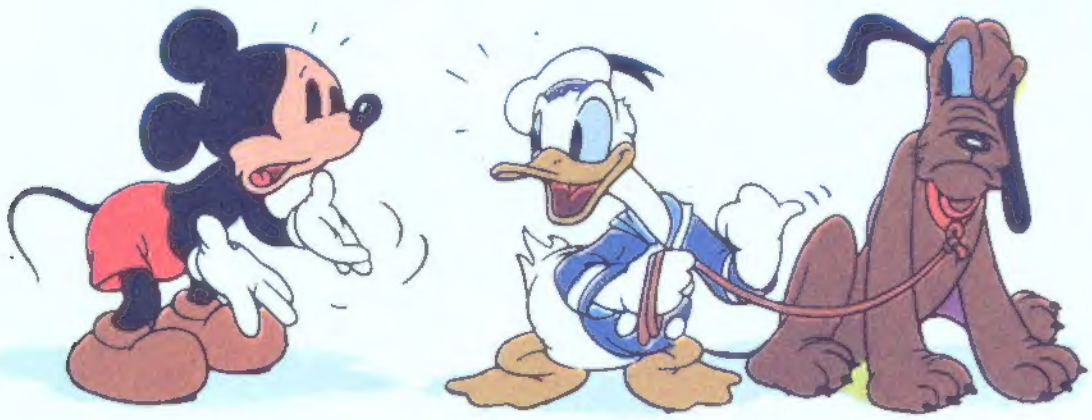





YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT AND MAY BE I CAN HELP!
DO--DO YOU THINK YOU COULD?
CONTINUED.

WALT DISNEY STORY BOOKS

What the Stories are About



DONALD DUCK AND HIS FRIENDS

TOLD by JEAN AYER. From Mickey and Donald's meeting with Hortense the ostrich, to the finish of Donald's lucky-unlucky day, these stories have gaiety, humor, and suspense. Not all of Donald's and Mickey's enterprises meet with the success of the adventure with the fire engine: Goofy spoiled their sport as boatbuilders, Pluto balked at the dog show, and Donald the Explorer had a bad time with the penguins. But it's all good fun, especially to the lucky children who read these stories.

MICKEY NEVER FAILS

TOLD by ROBIN PALMER. Mickey fell in love at first sight with the new house. It had an oil burner, a cellar playroom and a tiled kitchen. Minnie didn't care so much for the house at first; she wanted a crocodile. When she came to live in Mickey's house with Aunt Matilda and Morty and Monty, there were plenty of chances for Mickey to show how brave and resourceful he was, especially in the matter of Minnie's crocodile.

SCHOOL DAYS IN DISNEYVILLE

TOLD by CAROLINE EMERSON. School days were exciting in Disneyville when Donald and Mickey and the Three Little Pigs went to school. Mickey was a hero more than once when the Big Bad Wolf came snooping around. Donald was good in arithmetic, but he couldn't bear spelling. That made trouble for everyone, because when Donald didn't work well he got into mischief.

THE LITTLE PIG'S PICNIC AND OTHER STORIES

TOLD by MARGARET WISE BROWN. Here are all the farmyard creatures that Walt Disney interprets in appealing fashion: the Ugly Duckling, the lonely little colt, the little pig in search of her supper, Pluto's adopted chicks, and the orphan kittens. The stories of the busy ants, the carefree grasshopper, and the flying mouse bring together some of Disney's most successful and fantastic interpretations of animal life.

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BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO

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Walt Disney's

in "THE BEACH PICNIC"

Boy, oh, boy—what the wild waves say when this gang of goofies gets going! . . . Take a "dip" from the ocean and "sea" all there is to laugh at and get excited over in this jamboree of joy! . . . Don't miss it when it plays your favorite theatre!

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